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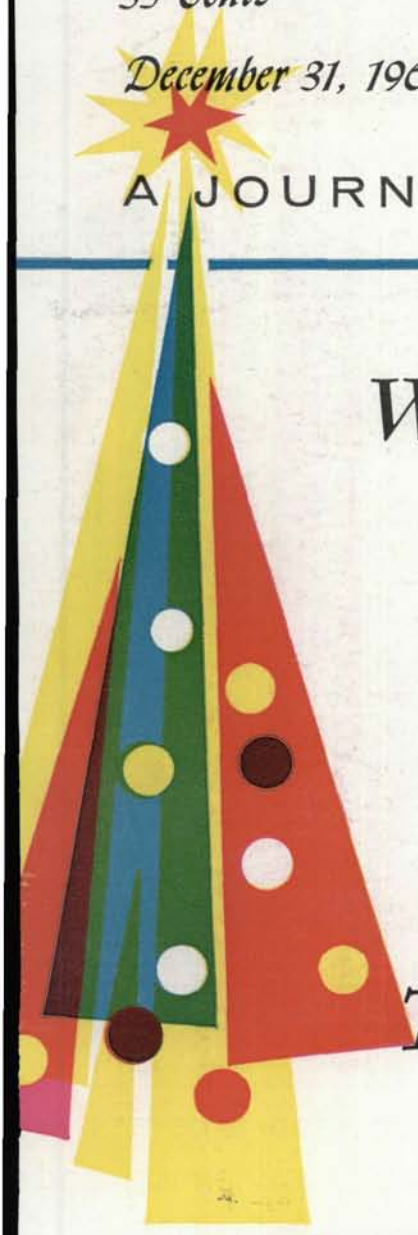
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

## *Who is Howard K. Smith?*

EDWIN McDOWELL

## *Merry Christmas to Everyone Except Men*

ALOISE HEATH

## *The Breaking of Insull*

LOUIS M. HACKER

*Articles and Reviews by* ···E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
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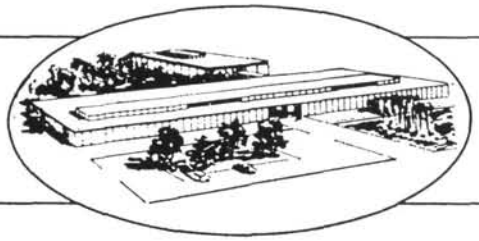

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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## *In This Issue . . .*

➔ **Aloise Heath,** fiercely resisting the spirit of Christmas, reports that this much she cannot do, not even in the season of love, and that is, to love men. For men, she has discerned, far from being Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, and Reverent, are—well, nothing of the sort. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW agree. The most that can be said of our sex, and it is very little indeed, is that it is, of course, superior to any other sex. . . . **Edwin McDowell,** editorial writer for the *Arizona Republic* in Phoenix is a young and industrious journalist who took the trouble to look into the background of Howard K. Smith after that gentleman took the trouble to canvass the views of Alger Hiss on the career of Richard Nixon. . . . Wow! With a record like that, Hiss should be interviewing *him,* on a real high-brow program, called maybe, "What Went Wrong?"

➔ **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** has developed an interesting thesis on why West Berlin is not really in any danger from the Soviet Union. He talks, also, about the hardening of interdenominational lines within West Germany. . . . **James Burnham** has begun an examination of the currently popular line about the liberalism of Nikita Khrushchev, which Khrushchev will not survive . . . . And **Russell Kirk** discusses some efforts here and there by conscientious parents to take the education of their children into their own hands, flouting the educationists' monopoly, which is okay by Mr. Kirk—who will, by the way, spend Christmas in Spain, with L. Brent Bozell.

➔ **Louis Hacker,** former dean of Columbia University, rehabilitates the late tycoon, Sam Insull, reviewing an important new biography of the man hobgoblinized by the New Deal and simultaneously hated by the Vested Interests for his originality and verve, and his impudent assumption that large-scale financing could proceed without the permission of the House of Morgan. . . . **Guy Davenport** of Haverford reviews three novels you may want to look into Christmas—Richard G. Stern's *In Any Case,* Shirley Jackson's *We Have Always Lived in the Castle,* and Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes.* . . . Mr. **Kirk** reviews with pleasure the wayward Paul Goodman's provocative new book on the growing incompatibility between college life and education. . . . And **Francis Russell,** from Germany, reviews the film, *Mondo Cane,* the modern counterpart of the Marquis de Sade's *Justine, les Malheurs de la Vertu,* with this dismaying difference, that *Mondo* is a documentary. A dismaying experience. We did what we could to leaven it, by plunking a Santa Claus right in the middle of the text.

➔ **Bill von Dreele** pays seasonal respects to the First Family of the land, which reminds us, a Merry Christmas to you all, and a Happy New Year. May we never be parted ➔




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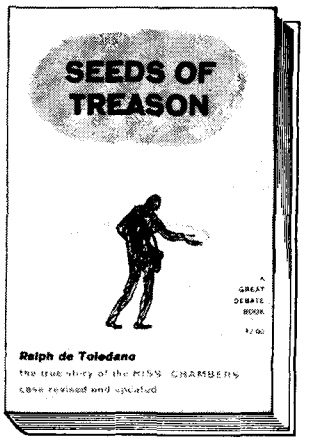


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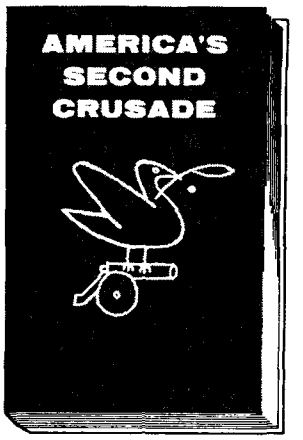


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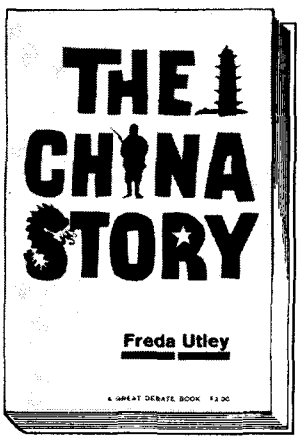


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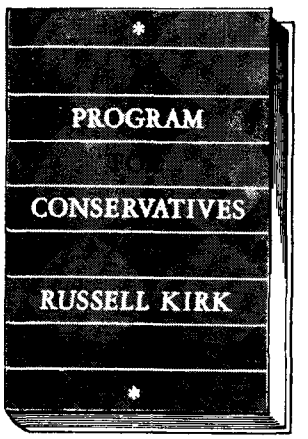


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# The WEEK

● As Mariner II hurtled past Venus, took a quick look, sent its report home, and kept going, the mind balked—not only at the intricacy of the accomplishment but also at the irony. For we know more, even now, about outer space than we do about the earth ten feet below its surface, and as the learned astronomers unravel the ciphers radioed from space they may find they know more about Venus than they do about their wives. But whether in science or art or love, man cannot flee the irony of his condition; and so let us proceed with this science, and welcome the clarification of those cabalistic radiograms from the abyssal distances: 21, 5′6″, 125, 35-24-36. . . .

● "The time is long past when a small group of censors can silence the voice of peace." So saying, Women Strike for Peace marched on Washington to fight the good fight against HUAC. They were well rehearsed. They counted on the organized support of Liberal and leftist elements behind them. They demonstrated. They placed a wreath on a statue of the suffragettes and picketed the White House. They jammed the huge House Caucus Room, and as HUAC began hearings into the possibility of subversive infiltration into the peace movement, their uncensorability proved to be awesome. When the first witness was called, they all rose and stood silently; later, witnesses received ovations and each was presented with a bouquet of roses as she stepped down, to be hustled off by sympathetic newsmen to relate her feelings about the ordeal. On the stand, counseled by the highfalutin Telford Taylor, the women (and one man) moved smoothly through the paces of committee-baiting: here were speeches, statements, denunciations, outbursts and harangues, all swaddled in *Motherhood* v. *Strontium 90*. And as one by one the witnesses completed their remarks, a pattern emerged, one profoundly familiar to those acquainted with HUAC proceedings. Blanche Posner, identified as a member of the Communist Party from 1922-1952: Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party? I respectfully decline to answer . . . The Fifth Amendment is invoked 40 times. Ruth Myers, asked about past or present affiliation with the Communist Party, invokes the Fifth Amendment. Lyla Hoffman . . . invokes the Fifth . . . Rose Clinton, identified Communist . . . invokes the Fifth . . . Iris Freed, Elizabeth Moos, Dr. William O'Brinsky . . . invoke the Fifth. Without exception, the "voices of peace" remain silent, under their constitutional privilege, about affiliation with the Communist Party. The silence, as the saying goes, was deafening.

● It took twelve years to get the Communist Party before a jury for failing to register under the Subversive Activities Control Act, but it took twelve good and true men only 35 minutes to find the Party guilty. If the verdict is upheld on appeal, the Party will be fined $120,000, which will not be paid because the Party has no assets. The *Worker* will continue publication, since sale of its assets to satisfy the judgment would only be possible if it could be proved that the *Worker* and the Party are one, and the *Worker* is, by strange coincidence, published by a separate organization. In addition to the proceedings against the Party, fourteen of its officers are charged with failing to register. The Subversive Activities Control Board has already ordered prosecutions of five of these officials. They will raise the same defense that the Party raised unsuccessfully, that the requirement of registration is self-incriminating, since the Smith Act makes it an offense to be a member of any organization advocating violent overthrow of the United States Government. The government's contention that the guarantees against self-incrimination apply only to living persons, not organizations, was upheld by the trial judge in the Party's case. Does this mean that the Party officers will automatically get off? Not necessarily. The *Yates* and *Scales* cases established that the Smith Act makes membership a criminal offense only if there is knowing advocacy of violent overthrow or some sort of activity of a seditious character. Under the circumstances the government will urge that, since registration does not in and of itself subject the Communists to prosecution under any existing act, they may not decline to register by pleading the Fifth Amendment. The Justice Department confidently predicts it will succeed in the individual proceedings.

● There have always been suspicions about the accuracy of Dr. Gallup's polls, and through it all we have behaved like perfect little gentlemen, crediting Dr. Gallup's techniques and, of course, his integrity. But now comes a report from Dr. Gallup that Governor Rockefeller has the support of 41 per cent of Southern Republicans, while Barry Goldwater drew only 14 per cent! And that is just plain incredible. It is not merely one's Gestalt that rejects the veracity of the figures. It is the universally known sentiments of the leading Republicans in most of the states of the South. They are preponderantly Goldwater men, as are the Republican organizations. And when Goldwater goes down there to speak, he is treated like Robert E. Lee. Rockefeller is thought of as a New York slicker, in league with the racist troublemakers.



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Dr. Gallup had better have his pollsters' ears cleaned, if he hopes to be taken seriously.

● On December 15 about 70 men and women entered Klein's enormous store in Yonkers, New York, to deposit cards drawing attention to Communist wares on display. Many were members of Young Americans for Freedom and New York's Conservative Party; many belonged to no organized group. All had been instructed: Be Quiet, Be Orderly, Don't Disturb the Merchandise. According to eyewitnesses, the instructions were obeyed. But store detectives seized eight men and women, held them an hour and a half, and beat up one young man (detectives rescued him from a fellow detective who, saying he would "kill him," slammed his head against a cabinet and started to choke him). The eight—including one young advertising man who was on a Christmas shopping tour and had never even heard of the movement against Communist merchandise—were arraigned on disorderly conduct charges that evening. By December 17 additional charges were brought: shouting vile language, creating public disorder, ripping open and stamping on merchandise, and other allegations so fanciful that the accused were moved to laughter. All pled innocent, and several entered countersuits, including the Christmas shopper. Trial is set for January 7. Robert Morris' Defenders of American Liberties will play a role in the defense. Strangely, not one of those voices heard in noble support of the rowdy Women Strike for Peace has been heard in defense of the right of anti-Communists—all right, let's say it—to make their demonstrations.

● The proceedings of the final days of the 1962 session of the UN General Assembly gave further proof that World Justice is not so much blind, like her domestic sisters, as wall-eyed. Some slick parliamentary jockeying erased the issue of Hungary from the conscience of mankind. That task (see below) accomplished, an Afro-Asian-Communist majority put through a 57-14 vote condemning Portugal's "colonial war against the people of Angola," calling for an arms embargo against Portugal, and demanding that the Security Council "take appropriate measures, including sanctions." No reference was made to the insurrectionary war of Holden Roberto's Communist-backed bands against the people of Angola in which several thousand black and white Angolans were horribly butchered last year; or to the gross violation of international law and amity involved in the harboring of the revolutionaries on Congolese territory; or to the support given them by the Communist countries in direct contravention of the UN Charter. The resolution was as irresponsible as it was biased: since all major Western nations, including the United States, were opposed, it can serve no practical purpose other than to deepen a little further the fund of international distrust and confusion.

● Sir Leslie Munro, chairman of the UN's special committee on Hungary, whose personal efforts are primarily responsible for keeping the Hungarian question on the UN agenda, is to be removed from his position on the basis of a resolution passed 43-14 in the General Assembly. The resolution censures the Soviet Union and the Kadar puppet regime for their brutal roles in suppressing the revolt for freedom in 1956; it further directs U Thant to "help" restore civil liberties in Hungary and places the special committee—minus Sir Leslie—under his control for that purpose. Thus the Hungarian question in the UN is converted, at a stroke, from meaningful to meaningless. It will exist a while longer on paper, but the butchers of Budapest don't mind. Kadar, who as a mechanic of the suppression marked his own regime unworthy of recognition, has steadfastly refused entry to Sir Leslie—but now has invited U Thant to come "investigate." Last August, NATIONAL REVIEW got wind of the maneuver and reported: "Watch for a quiet announcement in the next few months that the Hungarian question is being dropped from the UN agenda. That is the price the Soviet Union is asking in return for supporting U Thant's election to a regular term as UN Secretary General."

● Six super-neutralist or "non-aligned" nations met in Colombo during the first half of December to discuss the Himalayan War between Communist China and the country heretofore accepted as paramount chief of the neutralist tribe. Present: Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, Egypt, Ghana, Indonesia. They concluded their deliberations by making a passel of recommendations to the belligerents, but declined to adopt any statement condemning or even mildly criticizing the Chinese aggression. Nehru, who has always acted on the assumption that neutralism means only that one never takes the side of a Western nation, is reported to find this neutralist neutralism toward a neutralist a shocking violation of principle.

● Next Monday, California takes a holiday to celebrate becoming the most populous state in the land bumping New York from that proud position. Actually, New Yorkers insist, it won't be until sometime in August that that extra individual arrives or is born in California who will tip the scale westward. And it won't be until 1970, when the census takers confirm what the statisticians tell us, that California will reap its political harvest in a greater representation in the House and the single largest slice of electoral votes. At that point, it is reliably reported, New York authorities will see to it that any Empire Stater who so much as mentions the name Horace Greeley



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will, well, go West! Hearty congratulations to California.

● INTOURIST, official Soviet travel agency, gushes: "Visitors to the USSR are returning these days with eager accounts of their experiences and rewards." If that isn't a want ad for spies, we've never heard one!

## The President Has Spoken

*In the past week JFK has spoken at a news conference, on a television interview, and before the Economic Club of New York. Herewith some first-person paraphrases, with a few liberties:*

Foreign aid is a mess. I have named a committee to study it, so we can continue it.

My wife and I thank Mr. de Gaulle and his wife, and Mr. Malraux and his wife, for loaning to the United States the famous portrait of Mona Lisa and his wife.

I do wish our amateur athletes would stop bickering. There aren't enough Mona Lisas for everybody.

We will face the newest developments in Cuba with the stand I took two weeks ago.

As to Governor Stevenson and the National Security Council, I stand by my view of a year ago.

I have never attempted to characterize the press. You can check this with the *Herald Tribune* idiots.

Governor Stevenson is such an invaluable member of our team that I think we should leave this topic for future historians.

On tax reform the Administration and Congressman Wilbur Mills are in such close agreement that I'm even going to talk to him today.

All of my official papers will come to rest in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Family records have already been taken care of.

I would have supported Governor Stevenson for the Presidency in 1960 if they hadn't found a better man.

As to shipping offensive arms to Cuba, we are preparing regulations.

Vietnam is coming along nicely. May I remind Senator Capehart I've sent ten times as many other people's sons there as we had a year ago.

People who want to fight Communism should join the Peace Corps instead of boycotting Communist goods. Besides, these boycotts harass our merchants, and everyone knows they're not the sons of bitches some people say they are.

I supported Governor Stevenson in 1956.

Employment is up, profits are up, personal income and living standards are hitting new highs. In order to offset this stagnation I am proposing tax reforms.

Taxes have been rising in New York State at 10 per cent a year, eh, Rocky? Har har har.

We are going to economize by raising postal rates.

I supported Governor Stevenson in 1952.

Federal civilian employment is lower than it was when Ike took office. I've tried to correct this blemish by hiring a couple hundred thousand federal employees.

I supported Governor Stevenson in 1948.

God willing, free men shall prevail. This prayer was not written by the Board of Regents. It is permissible.

I supported Governor and Mrs. Stevenson in. . . .

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

*SOUTH AFRICAN FORTNIGHT*
*by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

*YEAR-END KUDOS AND KNOCKS*
*by W. H. von Dreele*

## The Coming Tax Cut

Few questions of public import have drawn comment from sources so diverse, and so prestigious, as the now-rolling debate over tax reform. Two major groups may be discerned amidst the shouting:

1) The Keynesian group that says the economy drags because people don't spend enough; that they should have more to spend; that tax cuts should go largely to those in low income brackets because they're bound to spend whatever comes their way; and that the deficits arising from tax cuts are good in themselves. Here stand Luther Hodges and his Commerce Department, Walter Heller and his President's Council of Economic Advisers, Senator Hubert Humphrey, the Labor Department, the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, and even some foreign foghorns such as the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development.

2) The severe guardians of budgetary sanity, who bring into the tax debate the indirectly related question of federal spending, and bid fair to hobble the immediately necessary move toward tax reduction and reform unless it's accompanied by a proportionate reduction in federal spending. Here stand Senator Harry Byrd and Congressman Wilbur Mills, the two staunch gentlemen whose expert knowledge has almost always carried the day in their fulcral committees, Senate Finance and House Ways and Means. Here also, with varying degrees of conviction, stand the Chamber of Commerce, the average conservative business publication, and the majority of the influential monthly letters of major banks.

Until last week NATIONAL REVIEW seemed almost



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alone to occupy a third position: that tax reductions should be general from top to bottom of the income scale, for the major purpose of increasing investment rather than consumption, incentive rather than sloth; that whatever deficit might occur should be deplored but need be deplored only short-term, because the increased economic energy released by increasing economic incentives would shortly amplify the economic flow enough to supplant the tax revenues lost initially, and then some; and that, should the anticipated increase in tax revenues not be realized, federal expenditures would tend to follow the general level of revenues anyway—a sort of Parkinson's Law on the downside. But last week the blue-ribbon Committee for Economic Development came out with a study virtually overlaying the position NATIONAL REVIEW staked out some weeks ago, and although the CED can hardly claim the infallibility that has come to be associated with NATIONAL REVIEW's economic pronouncements, it's nice to have them aboard for this trip.

In any case the debate is so noisy now that at least some form of tax revamping can be foreseen with confidence. A proportional reduction in personal tax rates across the board is what we need. Memo to the opposition: just try it, you'll love it.

*"We fly through the air with the greatest of ease—*
*Know why? Because we have a net!"*



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## *On the Congo Front*

U Thant is all-out to force a showdown in Katanga before Congress meets in January. A three-pronged plan is in effect, involving: 1) deportation of foreign representatives of Katanga; 2) a boycott on Katangese exports; 3) removal of all "mercenaries" from Katanga. The plan cannot succeed without complete U.S. subservience.

1) The American press reacted angrily to the government's efforts to comply with Thant's orders to deport Michel Struelens of the Katanga Information Service. In a packed committee room Struelens answered the questions of a Special Inquiry Officer. Since Struelens has undeniably overstayed his visa, he is deportable unless his request for permanent residence is granted.

The government's attorney introduced a letter from Dean Rusk into the record suggesting that Struelens' application should be rejected on "considerations of U.S. foreign policy." Struelens' attorney called the letter hearsay evidence and demanded that Rusk either appear and submit to cross-examination on his reasons for wanting Struelens out of the country, or supply a written deposition. This evidentiary problem frustrates the government's hopes for speedy deportation, since the federal courts will hear the appeals.

The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee released its report on the Struelens case on the same day. The report characterizes the actions of the State Department as "a glaring abuse of the visa power and a performance unworthy of the government of a great nation dedicated to the principles of freedom and justice."

In a separate statement, Senator Keating contrasted the "intimidation and harassment" of Struelens with "the willingness of the State Department to allow known terrorists and Communists unhampered entry into the United States."

2) On December 17 U Thant called on all Katanga's buyers to boycott her exports. He simultaneously ordered a huge military buildup to halt any exports going to nations that refuse to participate in his boycott. If Tshombe tries to protect his shipments, he will be guilty of aggression; and Thant's troops can then slaughter at will. The U.S. is not only increasing its shipments of war materiel, but is sending military experts to see whether the United Nations has sufficient troops to carry out its military proposals effectively.

3) The removal of the mercenaries is important not only for weakening Tshombe's resistance, but as a means of provoking Tshombe into an action of self-defense that will give Thant the excuse he craves for all-out war. Since the State Department anticipates protests about the use of our planes, experts, and dollars to smash anti-Communists seeking self-determination, a story is being spread that a Communist takeover threatens the freedom-loving Adoula government, and that only subjugation of Katanga will frustrate the Communists' designs. But this is merely another example of the way in which we are tailoring the explanation to justify Thant's aggressions. The Communists are urging a UN invasion of Katanga, knowing that the chaos that will result from such forced integration will give them a chance to move in and gain control of the vital copper and cobalt deposits. The instability of the Adoula government is not a consequence of Soviet pressure, but of sheer incompetence.

## *George Sokolsky, RIP*

We mourn the death of George Sokolsky. God knows (at first-hand, at this point), he was a difficult man, with a great temper, perfervid opinions, irrational likes and dislikes. But he was never a grouch like Harold Ickes, another individualist. For he stood throughout most of his life for eternal things, and it was these, not the seismic demisemiquavers that excite the loyalties of most public men, that he fought for, hard, and effectively. He believed in transcendence, in the spiritual life, in the art of statecraft, and in America's historic responsibility for turning back this century's barbarians. These were the great concerns of his lifetime. Toward the end he was bemused by the Kennedy Administration, but he must be forgiven, for his weakness was of the most understandable kind, a long-standing personal friendship with the seductive Kennedy family. His great constituency, from coast to coast, was puzzled by George Sokolsky's idiosyncratic endorsement of the new Administration, which seemed to be pressing policies The Buddha had consistently deplored; but though many were sullen, none was mutinous, for they all had faith in the old gentlemen, and had reason to have it: he had performed for so long, so well, so steadfastly. And when he died, millions of Americans felt they had lost a personal preceptor, a tough, self-assured, no-nonsense moralist who had given advice to kings and knaves, without stint, for many years. To the author of this note he showed invariable kindness, dating back to an evening during freshman year when, in advance of a debate on China with Exeter or some other political *force majeure*, he presented himself unheralded at Sokolsky's apartment and got from him a cordial and informative three-hour lecture on a subject the ex-China hand knew so well. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their deepest sympathy to the family of George Sokolsky, and pray that he, and they, will find peace.

W.F.B.



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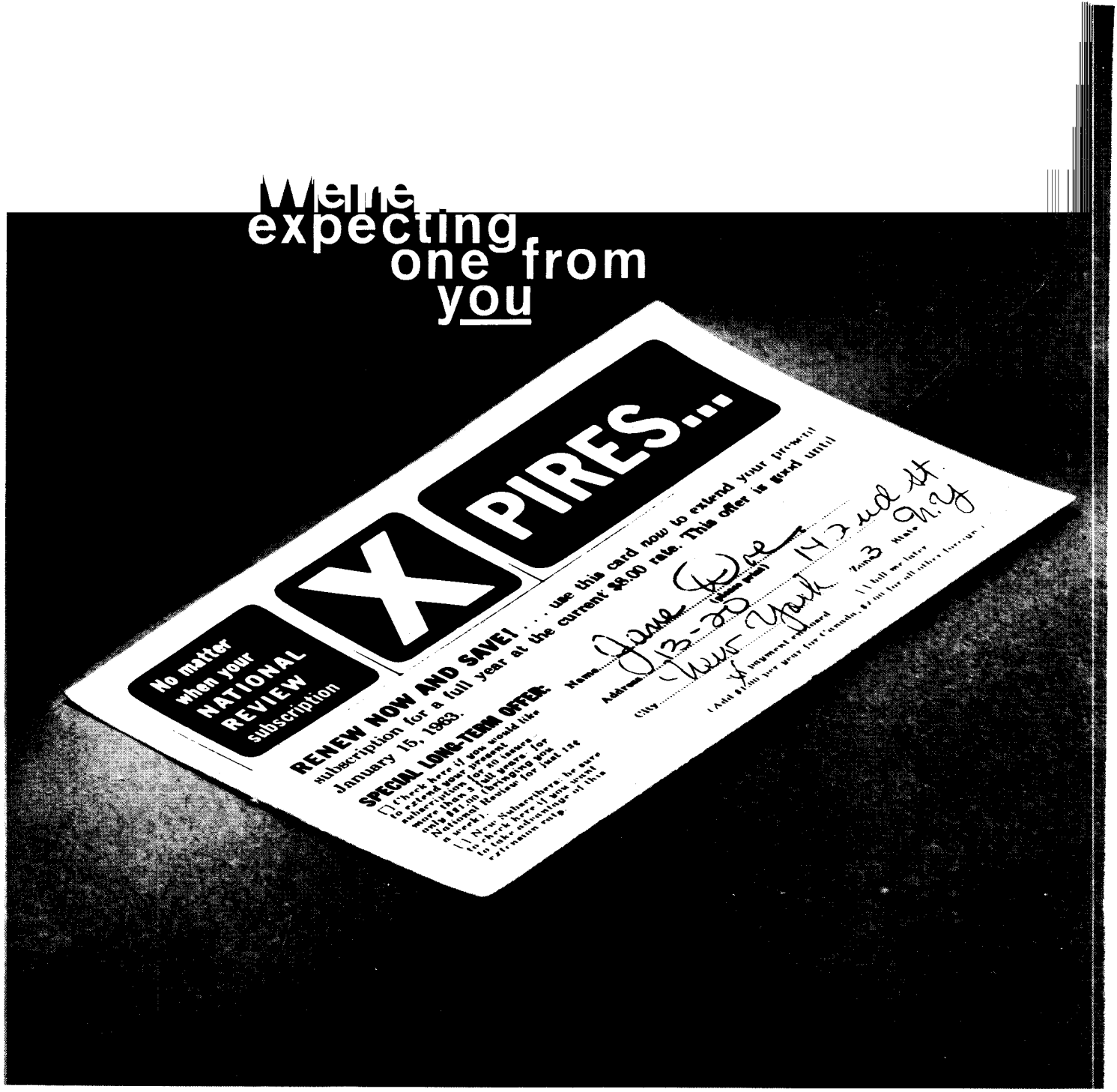
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# Notes and Asides

The wisdom of New York's state compulsory death sentence for premeditated murder has been questioned by a special commission, which now recommends its abolition to the Assembly, where the whole subject will be hotly debated. The capital punishment debate is often thought of as a right-left debate. We do not see exactly why that should be so, except perhaps that the Right is identified with the position that people are responsible for their acts, while the Left is usually able to find, though not electrocute, some extra-personal killer, *e.g.* slums, famine, broken homes, fear of the Bomb, etc. The subject is profound, not to say, where some New Yorkers are concerned, vital. "I can't understand why," an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW once remarked to Whittaker Chambers, "Arthur Koestler is spending so much time nowadays on hanging." "Obviously," Chambers replied, "you've never been hanged." Not yet; but perhaps we'd better get busy and abolish capital punishment somewhat ahead of the day. All of which is a long-winded announcement that we shall be publishing, during the spring, an extensive debate on this serious subject.

MEMO FROM A FRUSTRATED EDITORIAL ASS'T: While attempting to digest the data that a) a speech professor has just been granted 42,780 government dollars to find a noise more annoying (decibellicose?) than a typical air raid siren; that b) he says he is looking for a "white noise"; that is, a "sort of hissing noise like a steam clothing presser"; that c) Rep. H. R. Gross immediately began to make black noises about it and d) threatened to call in a tax-free foundation with a bunch of spare cash to hire a professor to record e) the wail of a taxpayer, said Editorial Ass't., who shall remain unidentified, decided the only way to handle data a-e above was f) to get a breath of fresh air and g) buy some condiments for coffee, when upon entering a local grocery store said E. A. was met by h) Muzak grating forth a ditty entitled i) "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey?" sung in four-part disharmony *à la* a semiliturgical hallelujah chorus with j) new words such as "Did you ever see a Mau Mau in a Muu Muu" and k) blaming "ratfink" Bill Bailey on the Kennedy pack.

Whereupon said E.A. became l) mentally deranged, wondering whether data h-k would net him 40 grand via a-e, and when last seen was still mumbling to himself about the wail from the jail of a downhearted air raid siren, and giggling . . . MADLY!

## For the Record

Watch for: We Will Bury You, excellent full-length documentary movie tracing fifty years of Communist aggression, a Columbia Pictures production. Should be reaching neighborhood movie houses next month. Worth reading: The Second Thaw: Hungary Under Soviet Rule, a report compiled by Adolf Berle, Leo Cherne and Clare Booth Luce, on Hungary, six years later. . . . Hard-to-get Senate subcommittee report opposing deportation of Katanga Information Chief Michel Struelens is being reprinted by The Bookmailer (price: 50¢). . . . Meeting in Chicago this week, first national assembly of Conservative Protestant Youths for three-day seminar. . . . The active Memphis Committee to Prevent Disarmament is giving wide dissemination to State Department's controversial treaty proposals for complete world disarmament. . . . In at least one branch of Korvette's in Connecticut, Iron Curtain goods have been quietly removed from shelves in response to growing movement against buying Soviet and satellite products. . . . Former National Review senior editor John Chamberlain will succeed the late George Sokolsky as political columnist for King Features.

Senate is readying special committee to investigate State Department's Congo policy. Prospective staff members are being screened. . . . UN sources claim U.S. is prepared to send troops, if necessary, to Congo; at present U.S. military support will consist of air transport and small military hardware. . . . At this writing, no date has been set for the next meeting of U.S. and Soviet representatives to discuss on-site inspection in Cuba. . . . Albanian refugee sources say one thing Tito and Khrushchev have been conferring about is possibility of sponsoring opposition Communist party in Albania. . . . Official final tabulation on New York's Conservative Party shows that gubernatorial candidate David Jaquith got 141,877 votes; senatorial candidate Kieran O'Doherty, 116,151 votes.

Latest order of the day in Brazilian army: hereafter only unmarried soldiers will be used as trumpeters, on grounds that married ones haven't sufficient breath to produce strong, vibrant tone.



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## On The Right

# *Chop Down That Tree*

In Boston (of all places) a secularist has cranked up a campaign to deny the municipality the right to erect and maintain a lighted Christmas tree: on the grounds that to do so is officially to celebrate, at public expense, a feast day in the calendar of a single religion. His argument is: I, a non-Christian Bostonian, am being coerced into contributing funds for the creation of a distinctively Christian display; and, moreover, publicly owned land is, for the duration of the Christmas season, being consecrated to the uses of a single religion—an affront to those of us who believe Christ was at best a minor prophet, at worst a megalomaniacal imposter.

*Buckley*

What is the answer to these arguments? Especially at Christmastime, the answer should be framed in understanding, and love. They denied Him then, they deny Him now, there will be those who deny Him even at the end of time (which may not be so far away—do your Christmas shopping early). . . . And that denial will not always be passive, a mere personal rejection. It will frequently be aggressive, for both religious and anti-religious passions tend to be among the most aggressive of passions, for they both appeal to man's hunger for idealistic commitment (it is often said that freedom is the residuary legatee of religious animosities).

### *According to the Law . . .*

So we must expect that the rebellion in Boston, or another like it, will be tenaciously championed, and some day, not very far away, the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States will solemnly convene to adjudicate the question whether a lighted Christmas tree, twinkling in the cold New England night and quickening the pulse of those many who still remember Christmas as the season of release and joy, comfort and peace, is forbidden under the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, whose authors at every session of the great convention which forged the mightiest civil instrument ever conceived by a political assembly, bowed their heads in prayer seeking Divine Guidance from the God whose Son was born in Bethlehem on Christmas Day.

I am constrained under the heavy pressures of the Holy Season to be altogether truthful and admit that if the present Supreme Court's interpretation of the scope of the religious clause in the Bill of Rights is correct, then Christmas trees are just plain unconstitutional—more blatantly so than the school prayer that was recently outlawed, in that while it was religiously neutral, the tree is unabashedly denominational. I would go so far as to say that if I were a public official sworn to uphold the Constitution as the Supreme Court interprets it, my allegiance to deductive reasoning would require me, on hearing the plaintiff's case, to go sadly to the park and douse the lights of the tree. But in doing so, I would swear to myself an oath, that every ounce of political strength in me would be devoted to working towards the day when the lights go on again on every Christmas tree in the land.

### *. . . Which Should be Changed*

Civil rights are as defined by law, and the law is defined by the people; and hence civil rights, in a self-ruling community, are those rights the majority are willing to grant to everyone. The majority can be dreadfully wrong in declining to grant as many rights as they should grant to the minority; but the minority can also be very wrong in declining to grant to the majority the freedom they desire to exercise. It is nowadays fashionable to suppose that the Constitution permits a minority of one (the atheist) to prevent a majority of 99 (the Catholics, Protestants, and Jews who approved the non-denominational prayer at New Hyde Park) from praying together in a public school, and tomorrow it will be established—with, as I have said, greater plausibility—that a minority can prevent a majority from publicly celebrating its feast days in its traditional manner.

The time has come for this civil right, so recently discovered by the Supreme Court, to be redefined. We must hang on to religious liberty, while recognizing that religious liberty, when used to deny religious liberty, is not very useful at all. What we need is to loosen up the Constitution (I should say Mr. Warren's Constitution) enough to allow us a prudent and fair-minded approach to the problem. On the matter of the public tree, for instance, a contribution might be made by the municipality to non-Christian charities—or something of the sort. But something. For how can we, observing the tree during the next few days, be peaceful in spirit if now we must wonder whether next year, or the following, it too will be taken from us?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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## The Third World War

# *The Gentle Khrushchev*

JAMES BURNHAM

We all know that Khrushchev sent into Cuba missiles and aircraft capable of carrying nuclear weapons, and that launching pads and airfields for these vehicles were in process of rapid construction. Why Khrushchev sent the missiles is still obscure.

The simplest explanation is the most plausible. Unquestionably Khrushchev was astonished at our failure to carry through the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion. Indeed, the entire outside world was astonished. Neither friend nor enemy could understand our not finishing the action, once we had begun.

Khrushchev, whose reasoning is channeled according to Leninist categories, could only conclude that the United States must be paralyzed by the inner decay and "contradictions" which Leninism predicts as inevitable concomitants of the dying years of capitalism. He has for contrast his own response in 1956 to a much less critical threat on his own border. Four months after the Bay of Pigs affair, the diagnosis of American paralysis seemed confirmed when no response—other than the verbal protests that mean nothing to a Bolshevik—was made to the Berlin Wall.

As Russians, Khrushchev and his colleagues must have considered the nuclear arming of Cuba a rather wild adventure. The Russian strategic habit has been to expand by adding one after another layer of continuous territory to the central core. Cuba is way out of bounds; the enemy's main base is at hand, and he dominates—or can dominate—the seas and intervening air. But if from defect of will he cannot use his power? Then, perhaps, one may discard the lessons of geography.

So why not (Khrushchev must have reasoned) take a chance, when there is so incredibly much to win that the entire schedule of the revolution might be advanced a phase, and so very little to lose. If I fail—and the odds are doubtless against me—I will suffer only a passing loss in prestige, which no Bolshevik worries much about anyway, and I will still net solid assets: Cuba itself as a polwar beachhead; kudos as a peace-preserver; a persuasive argument for dismantling Western bases on my periphery.

### *How Provocative Can You Be?*

Whether or not this analysis of Khrushchev's motives is accurate, one thing is certain about his missile gambit: it was a move in the highest degree aggressive and provocative. To try to set up a nuclear ramp on our doorstep, thus threatening the world power equilibrium:—short of landing parachutists on the U.S. mainland, it is hard to conceive what act could have been *more* provocative.

This was the deliberate, voluntary act of *Khrushchev:* the leader, we are told year after year by the Kremlinologists, of the softer, liberalizing, all-for-peace-and-coexistence wing of world Communism, the reasonable opponent who checks the rashness, fanaticism and warmongering of the Chinese-Albanian-Stalinist faction. This is what the Kremlinologists—the Crankshaws, Salisburys, Deutschers, Alsops and all the others of the *New York Times, London Times, Le Monde, Sunday Observer,* the Russian Institutes and the Western chancelleries—keep repeating; what they were writing about on the eve of the Cuban crisis and are already resuming on its morrow. The *New York Times* published on September 2 one more in the 10,000 articles to such effect—this time by Edward Crankshaw, but it could have been by any of the others. As the Russian ships were bearing the nuclear missiles into Cuban harbors, Crankshaw was explaining how Khrushchev's multiple troubles had forced him "on the defensive, both ideologically and materially."

It is difficult for a normal member of the lay public to realize that what these professional Kremlinologists and their parrots say about Soviet affairs is utterly worthless. How can it be worthless, one feels, when they speak with such awesome tones of authority and are so prominently featured and listened to? The record is there, proving them always wrong; but of course no one has time to consult the record. And no one cares much, either; we read the Kremlinologists as we do stock market tipsters and other soothsayers, not to learn the truth but to be solaced.

The real Khrushchev is the man who was Stalin's faithful servant; who was known as "the butcher of the Ukraine" for his efficient mass slaughter of Ukrainian peasants; who ordered his tanks to shoot down the students and workers of Budapest; who gave the commands that trigger the guns that cut down the little people who seek to cross the Berlin Wall; who, precisely, sent missiles to Cuba. But we choose not to see the real Khrushchev. The Kremlinologists devise another more to our liking, and we reward them well for supplying our need.

### *Made-to-Order Khrushchev*

We want a Khrushchev with whom we can negotiate about test bans and disarmament. He is no longer to be a committed revolutionary, but a national leader of traditional mode, yielding to the aspirations of his people for peace and prosperity. With such a fellow, one can find "areas of agreement," which can be expanded with the help of patient diplomacy, people-to-people relations, and exchanges in the "universally human" fields of art and science. Our made-to-order Khrushchev is at bottom a sensible chap who understands as well as we the "irrationality of war in the nuclear age"; he can be counted on not to "plunge the world into catastrophe." He has his home-grown extremists—relics of a past era—to contend with; we must treat him decently in order to bolster him against their plots. More than that, he sees as we do the rising threat in the East. If we keep up our dialogue with him, the day may not be too distant when he and we join in a common front to save mankind from the fire-breathing Dragon.

A fairy story out of an ideologized Grimm or Scheherazade? It is just this that the Kremlinologists tell us, and what most of us believe.



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## Letter from the Continent

# *Why Russia Won't Take Berlin*

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Berlin crisis stems from the decision by the Western powers in 1943-1945 to establish an island within the Communist empire. There was no necessity for this. Given the example after World War I of isolated cities like Fiume, Memel, and, above all, Danzig — remember the indignant outcry of the French: *"Nous ne voulons pas mourir pour Dantzig!"*—it should have been obvious that the renewal of such a dangerous arrangement could only invite disaster. The Western powers could indeed have claimed occupation rights over more than half of Germany, restricting the Russians (who had collaborated with Hitler until June 22, 1941) to a much smaller share. This was warranted by the military situation in the early spring of 1945 when the Americans and the British could have *walked* into Berlin. In establishing the lone outpost of West Berlin (minus the historic central district of that city), the Western powers assumed a grave moral and political responsibility and saddled the West German Government with a fatal mortgage. Never in history has there been a trap in whose construction the victims themselves have cooperated so devotedly.

*Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

West Berlin has proved a boon to the Soviets ever since 1945. And its value has been enhanced since the building of the Wall. If by magic West Berlin were to disappear overnight and a lake appear in its place, the Soviets would feel cheated, deprived of a precious hostage.

West Berlin with its Western garrisons is like a finger in a door; slam the door and the finger is smashed. The man in charge of the door has every advantage. If he closes the door completely, the finger would be cut off, which would be painful but would put an end to all further tortures. This is why the Soviets will not seriously try to annex West Berlin, nor will they agree to exchange the isolated fragment of that city for areas contiguous to Western Germany.

If the Soviets had really had the seizure of West Berlin in mind they would never have encouraged their minions in Pankow to build the "Wall of Shame" at such expense. A simpler structure, permitting a few more escapes, would have served the purpose. What they want to do is to keep the squeeze on, applying new pressures when it suits their fancy. There is, of course, the risk that this pastime may one day lead to a surprising loss of patience on the part of the West and result in a major conflagration, but this is the calculated risk the Soviets are taking. In its present, strictly isolated form, West Berlin no longer represents a challenge to either Pankow or Moscow. Every tightening of the noose, therefore, is a purely gratuitous and aggressive act on the part of the Soviet Union. This situation certainly will not change until or unless either the West or the East calls it quits and leaves the field to the other side.

### *Protestant-Catholic Relations*

The Berlin trap has had and will continue to have important effects on West Germany's internal policies. To West Germany, Berlin is intimately connected with the problem of reunification (and, remotely, with the problem of the lost provinces east of the Oder-Neisse line). In turn, these problems bear on the relation between Catholics and Protestants and on the Christian Democratic Party (CDU-CSU), which depends on a good understanding between them.

In spite of great efforts, the CDU-CSU has not succeeded in becoming a party where Catholics and Evangelical Christians are equally represented. At the moment both the President and the Chancellor of the Federal Republic are Catholics (and CDU members) and the percentage of Evangelical to Catholic CDU representatives in the Diet (42 per cent), is even higher than that of Evangelical CDU voters. But the Lutherans continue to suspect that the CDU is a Catholic trap. Reliable estimates indicate that not more than one-third of the CDU-CSU voters are Lutherans. Schleswig-Holstein, with its very popular Lutheran Prime Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel, seems to be an exception to the rule.

However, since nearly half of the population of the Federal Republic is Catholic, as against about 10 per cent in Berlin and in East Germany, one is frequently told that the CDU, in particular, and the Catholics, in general, are happy about the present state of affairs; that they would rather see a reunification with France in a new Carolingian Empire (is not de Gaulle another *Carolus Magnus*?) than with their "heretical" brethren further east.

Every Communist squeeze on West Berlin, which reveals the impotence of the Bonn Government to retaliate in kind, plays on the sensitive denominational nerve of West Germany. The outcry that Adenauer is doing nothing because, as the head of the CDU and as a Catholic, he has a vested interest in the status quo, will continue to be heard. (Ironically, there was not a single Catholic among the signatories of the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam treaties, so the mightiest blow ever struck against the Evangelical Church on the Continent was the work of a tragic combination of Communists and Anglo-Saxon Protestants.)

The interdenominationalism for which Germany is justly famous is of an intellectual and spiritual order and does not strongly affect the masses. Still, the Soviets are well informed about the reactions of the simple people; each time the Bonn Government remains—helplessly and furiously—inactive in the face of new provocations and renewed tightenings of the screw, the Moscow-Pankow axis scores inside West Germany. West Berlin is a valued trump card for the Soviet Union. It has a devilishly useful function.



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# *Merry Christmas to Everyone in the World Except Men**

**Ever hear of a misander? Probably not. It means a hater of men and you don't hear it because it's not allowed . . . or wasn't until just now**

ALOISE B. HEATH

That does sound a little harsh, doesn't it? Well, all right then: MERRY CHRISTMAS to men, too, but *under no circumstances* A HAPPY NEW YEAR. For one thing, if I said it, I wouldn't mean it, which would be insincere and just like a woman, as we all know: and for another thing, men don't need to be wished A HAPPY NEW YEAR. How would you *keep* a man from having a Happy New Year anyway? He may break his leg, of course, or lose his wife, or go bankrupt, or land in jail, but 1963 can have in store for him no vicissitudes that will shake his serenely shining inner conviction that, all in all, he is just about perfect.

Every man is convinced that he is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, Reverent; that he is intelligent, and that he has beautiful eyes and an extraordinarily keen sense of humor. Like all convictions, of course, some of these, sometimes, may be shaken, but what cannot be shaken in man (you do realize that when I say "man," I mean men," don't you? When I mean people" I say "women") is the knowledge—the *knowledge*—that whatever qualities he may or may not have, there is something he innately is: superior to women. In some black moment a man may entertain the fleeting thought that he is not, after all, so very Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, Reverent, or intelligent or pretty-eyed or humorous. He may realize, in fact, that he is a slob. But by gum he is a *male* slob; you can't take that away from him (I wouldn't want to, myself) and the one thing a male slob is, is better than any woman, any time, any place. Not only do men "know" this, but so do their poor brainwashed wives, not to mention their parents, their sons and those of their daughters who are not in their middle teens.

Oh, of *course*, there are men who don't "know" they are superior to women! There are hundreds of them, as a matter of fact, and they are all in mental institutions, finding out that they had bad mothers, which will cure them.

## *The Natural Superiority*

People started thinking along these lines, I suppose, shortly after it became apparent that, whereas men generally ended up eating saber-toothed tigers, saber-toothed tigers generally ended up eating women; and that it took at least two women to help a man carry a dead pterodactyl home, because one woman alone kept dropping her end. But around the time the lever was invented—or, at the very latest, the shotgun (well, *certainly* they were invented by men: who needed them?)—you would have thought that men could no longer feel superior to women without feeling, to the exact degree, inferior to levers, wouldn't you? Well, you would be wrong. A man is so constituted that he can spend an entire evening bragging about his horsepower without once considering where this puts the horse.

Now here, for the first time published ever, is the absolutely definitive list of the fields in which men excel women: athletics, arithmetic, musical composition, physical strength, singing baritone, and superiority.

Woman is, of course, a much better physical specimen. She operates more efficiently, under greater stress, with fewer breakdowns, on less fuel, for years longer than men. Men, on the other hand, at all ages eat like horses, die like flies, and suffer from constant malfunctioning of their relatively simple apparati. They are also susceptible to exclusively male conditions like distichiasis, hypertrichosis, ichthyosis and nystagmus, which are, respectively, double eyelashes, dense hairy growth on the ears, barklike skin and rhythmical oscillation of the eyeballs. (Men who have all of these conditions at the same time usually die without issue because no one will marry them.) In between times, men don't feel very

*Especially Noel Parmentel.

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well. *But*:—the average man can lift 75 pounds and the average woman can lift 62 pounds; so that makes women the weaker sex; what else?

The average man is well into his twenties before he is able to get angry without trying to fight; and he is well into the next world before he stops losing his temper, shouting, slamming doors, swearing. Twice as many men as women have nervous breakdowns, twice as many have mental breakdowns, three times as many commit suicide, four times as many have ulcers, and there are fifty times more unpremeditated attacks and a hundred times more unpremeditated murders by men as by women. But you know what women do, don't you? Women *cry!* Women cry because women are more emotional than men, that's why.

In all school intelligence tests given to students who are receiving the same education, the boys, from preschool on up, rate higher than girls in arithmetic. In every other testable field, girls get better scores; and among boys and girls who have identical aptitude scores, the girls do better in related achievement tests. So what does "everybody know"? Why, everybody knows that mathematical ability is the *real* measure of intelligence! True, men have produced more geniuses than women, but this isn't what men believe. Men don't go around saying: "Albert Einstein is smarter than women"; they go around saying "*men* are smarter than women"!

## *Who's Jealous?*

Everybody knows that there is only one really marvelous, awesome and completely satisfying achievement that a human being is capable of, and that is to give birth to a baby; and when small boys first realize that they can't and their sisters can, they are quite understandably consumed with jealousy. All mothers know this and so do all very little boys, but nobody, apparently, has told the child psychologists. *Their* theory is that it is the little girls who become jealous when they realize they are different from boys, and that every woman's childhood is poisoned by what I shall paraphrase, on these chaste pages, as "anatomy envy"! You may think that anyone who will believe that will

believe anything, but I assure you, most of the child psychologists quite seriously do (and I think you're right), which is an indication of the lengths to which men will go in their refusal to believe that anything exclusively female could be paid the tribute of jealousy.

Now, men don't think they're superior because they really believe all this nonsense. On the contrary: they think all this nonsense because they really believe they are superior—first, I suppose, because of their horsepower; and later, I am positive, because there wasn't anything much around to read for centuries and centuries, but the Bible; the Epistles of St. Paul have always been men's very favorite part of the Bible.

St. Paul is not my favorite saint, and I can't think why God didn't either fell him to the ground a great deal harder than He did or else set him to preaching, not Christianity but Judaism, which would have driven absolute *hordes* of Jews into the arms of the Church. St. Paul was not what you would call a winsome personality, even when he was a Jew. He did a lot of "breathing threats of slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" and taking out warrants for their arrest, for instance; but when it came to doing a little real *work*, like stoning St. Stephen, where do you find St. Paul? Standing around holding Stephen's cloak—in the shade, too, probably. After he was converted, though, Paul became impossible. He didn't give up persecuting, of course. But he turned his attention from Christians to women and he has had, in sum, a terribly bad influence on men ever since.

"Let a woman learn in silence, with all submission," St. Paul advised young Bishop Timothy, "for I do not allow a woman to teach or to exercise authority over man; but she is to keep quiet. For Adam was formed first, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived but the woman was deceived and was in sin." Within a matter of days, without question, the men of Ephesus formulated that article of the male code of honor whose twentieth-century equivalent is: "I ain't taking no orders from no woman!"

Today Ephesus; tomorrow the world.

Fifteen hundred years later, Queen Elizabeth, who was worth any fourteen of the men she was addressing—and who knew it, what's more—felt she had to assure her troops that: "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too . . ." before she could proceed to the point, which was: I want you men to get out there and repel the army of Parma. (If Cecil and Dudley were listening, they undoubtedly winked at each other in recognition of the Well-Known Fact that Women Are Such Hypocrites.)

Women ought to keep their heads covered and men ought not, lovable old St. Paul wrote the Corinthians, because "a man is the image and glory of God. But woman is the glory of man. For man is not from woman, but woman from man [you see what *really* bothers men, don't you, the same thing that bothers three-year-old boys], for man was not created for woman, but woman for man. This is why the woman ought to have a sign of authority over her head." The men of Corinth—and of any other period or place you can think of—gave lovable old St. Paul a standing ovation before he had finished his first sentence and forthwith hastened out to pass his wisdom on to the *mores*-makers of the civilized world. Tennyson is the poet who is commonly considered to have given definitive expression to this thesis of St. Paul's—not presumably because it drove him to unprecedented heights of un-rhyme and un-rhythm, but because it inspired in him the requisite heights of un-reason.

"Man for the field and woman for the hearth," wrote the parson's desk-bound son; "Man for the sword and for the needle she," proclaimed the ex-soldier who never met an enemy. "Man with the head and woman with the heart," declared the man who never could remember where he had



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lost his money and his manuscript; "Man to command and woman to obey," announced the in-and-out inmate of mental institution after mental institution; "All else confusion," concluded poor confused Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Today men who have never heard of either Tennyson or St. Paul paraphrase them with: "A man's gotta wear the pants of the family."

"Younger widows" (by which he meant any woman who was not under the direct supervision of a man), St. Paul warned, "being idle learn to go about from house to house and are not only idle, but gossipers as well, and busybodies, mentioning things they ought not." Men haven't stopped talking about how Women Talk Too Much since.

### *Advice on the Altar*

But St. Paul, like all of us, did have his softer moments. He freely conceded, for instance, that it is better to marry than to burn, though his personal advice to "the unmarried and to widows" was that "it is good for them if they so remain." And no one can deny that he made it more than easy to follow this advice. There is no telling how many Christian maidens decided to remain so after a long, cold look at St. Paul's contributions to the marriage ceremony. "Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord; because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is head of the Church . . . ," St. Paul briskly admonishes the bride before turning his attention to the young husband who, as a reasoning male, requires a little more delicate handling. "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church . . . so also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself, for no man ever hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth it and cherisheth it." (Did some woman point this out to St. Paul?) "For this cause shall a man . . . cleave to his wife; let everyone of you . . . love his wife as himself, and let the wife fear her husband."

Once this strongest of male motivations—"be good to yourself"—has been dangled as an inducement to husbandly love, the very least the bride can do, obviously, is to get lovable; and God's cooperation is forthwith requested to that purpose: ". . . May she be pleasing to her husband like Rachel; prudent like Rebecca; long-lived and faithful like Sara . . . may she fly all unlawful addresses . . . fortify her weakness by strong discipline . . . be respected for her seriousness . . . venerated for her modesty . . . fruitful in offspring. May her life be pure and blameless . . . and may they both see their children's children unto the third and fourth generation and come at last to a happy old age."

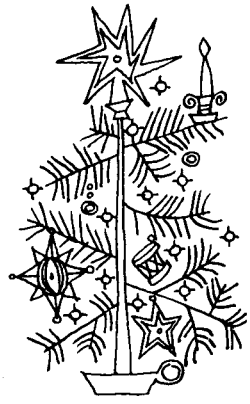
You noticed when "she" turned into "they," didn't you? Just too late for the injunction and just in time for the reward which the old fool has earned presumably by managing to love that paragon of virtue, his wife.

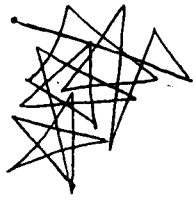
Well, if a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, it's easy to see that there never has been, and never will be, a century of the common man.

So, Merry Christmas, all you kings. Happy New Year, all you virtuous women. I shall not ask *you* to be *my* valentine, St. Paul.

## *A Night to Remember*

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And wouldn't you know—
All The Clan had assembled
To put on a show!
Every Kennedy slept on
Hyannis Port pads,
While the overflow (Lawford's)
Were quartered at Dad's.
Then from out in the yard, such
A clatter arose
(Joey Bishop was loudest)
They woke Mother Rose.
With her kerchief askew, Ma
Crawled out of the sack,
Then collapsed as she cried, "*Au Secours!* It's The Pack!"
Meanwhile, Ethel and Eunice
Had jumped from their beds,
While visions of Hollywood
Danced in their heads.
For what to their wondering
Eyes should appear?
Sammy Davis as Santa Claus,
Having a beer!
"Hardee-Har!" he exclaimed
With a twinkle. "Like, man,
For the *jumpingest* Yule,
Make a date with The Clan!"





At this point, little Caroline
Flounced through the door:
"Mummy says your St. Nicholas
Outfit's a bore.
Our domestics are *French*," she
Went on. "To conform,
Don't you think *Père Noël* would
Be nearer the norm?"
Just before the exchange took
A turn for the worse,
Tony Curtis announced it
Was time to disperse.
With Dean Martin on Prancer,
They rose with a rush,
While Sinatra urged: "Donner
And Blitzen, like, mush!"
But the final refrain (as
The neighbors recall)
Was the President muttering:
"Dash away! All!"

W. H. VON DREELE



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# From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

## *Toward State Monopoly in Education*

At Independence, Iowa, late in November, eight men of the Amish sect were sent to jail—having refused to pay fines—for maintaining the right to educate their own children. A court had ordered them to engage "certified" teachers for their Amish school, where thirty-seven children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, health, and history. They refused to comply, arguing that the Constitution guarantees religious freedom. Such dictation of educational methods by state authorities has been increasing in recent years, though it has been discernible all this century. Near St. Paul, Minnesota, about three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kral tried to take their child out of public school and educate him more effectively at home. Though Mr. Kral was a mathematician with the 3M Corporation, and Mrs. Kral a certified teacher, the state educational authorities did their damnedest to have the law penalize the Krals. Since then, I believe, Mr. and Mrs. Kral have established a private school, with some ten pupils.

*Kirk*

### *Have Parents the Right?*

The Independence and St. Paul cases are somewhat dissimilar, of course. For the Amish declined to hire "certified" teachers, holding that members of their own group, with eighth-grade educations, are competent to instruct children. Mr. and Mrs. Kral, on the other hand, were supported by the testimony of four professors at the University of Minnesota, who declared the Krals wholly qualified to teach, and endorsed their curriculum for their son.

But the principle at law and in justice is the same. Have parents the right to determine what sort of schooling is best for their own children? In natural justice, at least, few rights seem clearer. Only when a form of education certainly is doing positive moral injury to a child does the state have the duty of intervention. Whether or not Amish schooling is superior to the sort of socialization one gets in most public schools nowadays, it is heartening to find eight men still willing to go to prison in defense of the right to instruct their rising generation after the fashion they prefer.

Even could it be proved beyond reasonable doubt that public schools generally are excellent (which decidedly they aren't), nevertheless it would be unfair and imprudent to force all young people into the state system. For one thing, variety and experiment are as healthy in formal education as in any other undertaking. Private schools and home instruction provide standing competition and criticism for the state-supported institutions. Without this—without Kent School and Andover, for instance—there would remain no norm of performance by which to judge a smug and mediocre state system of public instruction.

I am heartened, therefore, to notice that a very "progressive" school, with two teachers and seven or eight pupils, has been founded at Wayzata, Minnesota. Neither of the teachers has a college degree, though one has taken some courses in education. The permissiveness of this little school seems to equal that which Bertrand Russell once established for his own children, though the two teachers draw the line at conduct injurious to health or to personal property. I suspect that the educational principles of this Summerhill Community School may be mostly wrongheaded, unless the children receive at home a discipline which compensates for the permissiveness in class. Yet diversity is one of our chief blessings in life; and I do not question the right of these teachers or of the parents concerned to make this experiment.

Mr. William Smeeth, who—as a school board member—caused all the fuss at Twin Lakes, Wisconsin, by introducing the McGuffey Readers, now has founded his own school, and is getting up his own textbooks. Much power to him. In general, parochial and private schools are increasing in this country, in proportion to the enrollments of state-supported schools. Taking alarm, the zealots for a state monopoly of education are trying to employ the law to eliminate their competition, and one of the motives of many advocates of federal subsidies to the schools is economic damage to church-related and private institutions, through an increased burden of taxation.

### *Private Projects*

In New York City, everyone who has the money, or can raise it, sends his children to a private school, if only because of the violence and complex disorder in the city's public school system. But the cost of tuition and transportation is dismayingly high. Some intelligent people are endeavoring to start humane little low-cost schools, with one or two teachers, two or three rooms and a little playground, to offer something for mind and conscience without reducing themselves to mendicancy.

A friend of mine and a reader of this journal, Mrs. Charles Teetor, has such a project in the forefront of her charming mind. Mickie Teetor once was a Story Lady on radio, and she knows how to interest children, and what they ought to be taught; now she hopes to find a baker's dozen of parents with similar aspirations. I have suggested to her that she might take for a model the "dames' schools" of Britain, which—though diminished in number—still exist. A tiny dame's school just off Park Avenue might make its mark. And I tell her that she ought to grave over the door, "Dame Mickie's Conservative School. There is nothing like a dame." Certainly no state department of public instruction can equal the skill and devotion of an educated woman who is bent upon imparting to her own children truths that weren't born yesterday.



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## Men in the News

# *The State of Howard K. Smith*

EDWIN McDOWELL

It had been a long time since the man had been heard from. It was known that he had a job of sorts in New York; he was occasionally glimpsed at a leftist or civil rights rally. But the public had pretty much forgotten him. He erupted into short-lived headlines in the '56 election when Harry (who else but Harry?) had insisted the man had never been a Communist, and Adlai (poor Adlai) had been forced to admit publicly that he had been guilty of the charges brought against him. In 1957 he wrote a book proclaiming his innocence, which was buried as fast and as decently as possible. His name came up again four years later when the chief Witness against him died.

Then silence. Until the night of November 11, 1962 when ABC commentator Howard K. Smith, in casting "The Political Obituary of Richard M. Nixon," chose as one person to sit in judgment of Nixon this same Alger Hiss, former high-ranking State Department official, former President of the Carnegie Foundation, former adviser to Presidents, and more recently convicted perjurer. And Hiss promptly found Nixon guilty of ignoble motives. Nixon's actions (in helping to bring Hiss to court) were, said Hiss "motivated by ambition, by personal self-serving. He [Nixon] was responding to a situation in this country, in an ugly period, and ugly time. . . ."

This was too much even for certain certified Liberals. The *New York Times*' Jack Gould said the Hiss performance "was a subtle and skillful suggestion" that he had been victimized by Nixon. The highly respected *Los Angeles Times* commented editorially: "For years, the Liberals have been panting for the Walpurgis night when they could all dance on the political grave of Richard Nixon. They performed the first of their ghoulish revels on Sunday night and it was so thoroughly in the medieval crossroads-and-gibbet spirit that even some seasoned Nixon

haters must have hurried away to be sick. It was done with television's Howard K. Smith as witch master, and Alger Hiss held the place of chief gloater."

Two of Smith's sponsors tried to break their contracts with ABC, and thousands of listeners, Nixon fans and Nixon foes alike, protested. But ABC fought back. Eisenhower's former press secretary James Hagerty, now ABC's news chief, defended the Hiss appearance, on Smith's show the following Sunday, as an exercise of freedom of the press. Smith's sponsor, Nationwide Insurance, also agreed, and its president, Murray D. Lincoln, a long-time political Liberal, defended Smith's "professional skills and integrity," and criticized four stations that canceled the showing. In the huggermugger, one important question was overlooked. What kind of a man would put Alger Hiss on a program about Richard Nixon?

*Newsweek* recently characterized Howard K. Smith as an "opinionated intellectual with no special ax to grind," a man whose "personal bias is Liberal, and it sometimes shows"—as it certainly did on Armistice Day. In the field of network commentary, where Liberals rule the roost (and, as humorist Morrie Ryskind pointed out, maintain a rigid apartheid policy, precluding conservatives from sitting "even in the back of the bus"), Smith's credentials are impressive. He began with United Press in London in 1939 and remained in Europe until 1959. During that time he rose to become chief European commentator and European director of CBS News, concomitantly serving for a time as foreign correpondent in Switzerland for *Time* and *Life*. In 1942 he wrote *Last Train from Berlin*, a story of Nazi Germany written from the vantage point of the last American correspondent to leave Berlin before the U.S. declared war.

In the intervening years, Smith has won an impressive number of coveted TV and radio awards: the DuPont award, the Overseas Press Club award for best radio reporting from abroad, the Sigma Delta Chi award for radio journalism, the TV Emmy award, and the Paul White memorial award.

These honors by and large are the special prerogatives of Liberalism and their importance in the broadcasting industry cannot be disputed. How else account for Smith's present status at ABC, a status which has won for him what the *New York Times* called "one of the most unusual contracts in broadcasting," a contract containing an unique clause designed to restrain both the network and the advertiser from compromising the commentator's "independence of mind and spirit"?

### *Following the Line*

In program after program, on both CBS and ABC, Smith religiously has followed the Liberal Line. It was Smith whose report—planned as part of a radio broadcast to the armed forces—was rejected by BBC in June 1946 because it blamed the West as much as Russia for the failure of the four-power foreign ministers' conference on European peace treaties. It was Smith whose broadcast in 1951 caused the Communist *Daily Worker* to headline (June 11, 1951) "CBS Chief Says French Vote Law Rigged Against Communists." It was Smith who served as enraptured moderator several times when Walter Lippmann has attempted to rewrite history via the cathode ray



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tubes. It is Smith who has chided Kennedy for being too tolerant of conservative views.

Smith's commitment to collectivism seems to have been well established early in life. After graduation from Tulane in 1936, he attended Germany's Heidelberg University on a one-month scholarship, returned home and worked briefly as a reporter for the *New Orleans Item-Tribune*. In January 1937 he applied for a Rhodes scholarship and in the spring left once more for Europe where he enrolled in Merton College at Oxford. There he joined the Oxford Labor Club (a branch of the British Labor Party), becoming its president in 1939. Labor's leftist philosophy left its impression, for three years later, when *Last Train From Berlin* was published, the *Nation* hailed "its anti-fascist point of view," praising it as "a clear-cut socialist one."

Yet nowhere is Smith's penchant for socialism more apparent than in his second book, *The State of Europe* (Knopf), published in 1949, when he was CBS News' European chief. From beginning to end the book bristles with anti-capitalistic sentiment, much of it bordering on the pathological. Capitalism, he informs his readers, has been swept by economic crises since its beginning, and has been characterized chiefly by poverty amid plenty. Big Business (which he always dutifully capitalizes) "does not take happily to Christian change." The policy of anti-New Dealers, he warns, "is wedded to privilege and is characterized by a narrow national egotism. . . . Quite bluntly . . . it is a force making for war."

Again and again Smith raps business, businessmen, and Republicans. He concedes that Big Business is not fascistic, yet hastens to add there have been "disquieting tendencies" in that direction on its fringes. (One such tendency, he makes clear, is Big Business "racist policies," which he says could lead to a Nazi government in the United States.) In a paragraph dealing with Republican control of Congress in 1946, after fourteen years of Democratic rule, Smith observed, "The effective locus of government seemed to shift from Washington to some place equidistant between Wall Street and West Point."

To his credit, Smith's love affair with socialism does not blind him to the cruelties of Soviet Russia. He is not so tactless as to assure readers, as did the *New Republic* in the 1930s, that the GPU is "no worse than the New York police," nor does he justify Soviet concentration camps, as Louis Fischer did in that same era, as effecting "cure through labor." What Smith wants is a blending of "the viable features of both worlds" in which we eliminate American free enterprise and the Communist denial of basic freedoms. Only by thus embracing socialism (which he euphemistically calls "social change" or Liberalism) can the U.S. come to grips with the twentieth century. Surely, he says, there is "no good reason for leaving Russia a seeming monopoly of social change."

## *Praise for Progress*

Again and again, even while briefly touching upon the frightening cost in human lives, Smith is enthusiastic in his praise for the "material progress" made by Communism. "Whatever may be said of the Communist governments north of Greece," he says, "they have instituted constructive economic programs and brought considerable benefits to the poorest layers of society." Elsewhere he praises Communism for erasing national divergences and enforcing racial toleration. And in still other chapters he tells us, "Four years of 'People's Democracy' . . . have probably yielded eastern Europe a solid net gain," in that "the standards of the mass of the people have risen steadily and seem destined to rise further."

Throughout the book Smith appears unwilling or unable to do other than lump Soviet policies with the policies of the West: "America is in Greece for her own power political interests," he writes of the Truman Doctrine, "and Russia is trying to get in for the same reason"; American imperialism is easy because of our wealth, investments, and aid, he says, but when Russia "extends her security zone abroad" (meaning, presumably, enslaving satellite nations) it "almost inevitably requires an overthrow of the status quo . . . which means a lot of noise and ugly scenes"; Russia's takeover of Poland was "a preventive invasion rather than a later remedial invasion," which surely would have been necessary had free elections chosen Mikolajczyk's "conservative" government, which then would have adopted a "furiously anti-Russian and chauvinistic" foreign policy; both the Russian assault in Poland and the British assault in Greece "were interventions in smoldering civil wars aimed to protect great power interests. . . . But there is an essential difference. In Poland a puppet government was installed that was full of men with ideas. . . . The Polish civil war, unlike that in Greece, dissolved in a constructive national economic effort." And so it goes, with Smith everywhere apologizing for Soviet conduct by pointing to the sins of the West (and remember, this book was written after the Russian takeover of Eastern Europe, and after Churchill ended the Western love affair with Russia by his "Iron Curtain" speech).

Small wonder the *Daily Worker*, reviewing Smith's book on May 21, 1949, praised Smith's denial of the charge that Cardinal Mindszenty was drugged or tortured. (Smith believes the charges—that Mindszenty had supplied the American legation in Budapest with secret information, that he engaged in wholesale black marketing, and that he had planned to restore the Habsburg monarchy—were true, and he says Western protest was "more hysterical than rational.") No wonder the *Daily Worker* was impressed (as were H. L. Matthews, who, in the *New York Times*, praised Smith's book as "a Liberal and friendly interpretation of what is happening behind the Iron Curtain," and William L. Shirer, who, in the *Herald-Tribune*, hailed it as a "forthright book," placing Smith "in the forefront of the new generation of American foreign correspondents"). For in essence, the overall effect of the book amounts to an *apologia pro vita sua* for Communism. It's doubtful whether any book by an American of equally impressive credentials ever missed the point of the Cold War any more completely.

One can forgive an author for repeating in 1949 the canards about Yugoslav Gen. Draja Mikhailovitch's lacking popular support, or of Tito's supposed yeoman service against the Nazis. But what are we to think of his belief that "the grant of [two]

**(Continued on p. 523)**



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# Scapegoat

LOUIS M. HACKER

One hundred years ago, when England was in the flood-tide of its industrial revolution, John Stuart Mill was able to put his finger unerringly on the main reason for the dull, grey mediocrity that was descending upon his country: it was that the spokesmen for the middle classes had become the arbiters of taste, manners, action, and thought. The tyranny of opinion, that is, middle-class opinion, was making "eccentricity a reproach"; it had to be smashed so that uncommon men might once more arise. And Mill went on to say: "Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time."

Beginning some sixty years ago in America, a similar assault, and from the same quarter, began to take place against a group of uncommon men who had been largely responsible for the rapid industrialization and the rising standards of living of the United States; it was the middle-class intellectuals who singled out the "captains of industry" (not until 1935 did Mr. Matthew Josephson coin the rubric "robber barons") as the chief agents in the debasement of America. They were predators; they exploited workers and farmers and wasted the land's natural resources; they corrupted its politics, debauched its taste, and destroyed its civility and moral standards.

The Progressive Movement, so-called, borrowing much of its ideology from European Socialism, which it pretended to abhor but whose dupe it really became, had its triumph in the New Deal. Theodore Roosevelt, who became the titular head of the Progressives, was a man of culture and discernment; he did not reject the industrial processes, rather he sought to direct them without those punitive devices with which they have since become encumbered. In contrast, Franklin D. Roosevelt's vision of the future was cloudy and his fear (perhaps even jealousy) of men of the first-rank led to that sorry pass in which we find ourselves today. Around him gathered the heirs of that first generation of Progressives: vocal and arrogant men and women, essentially of small talents, who thrashed about wildly (simply because FDR did not have the capacity to differentiate between the real and the spurious) and whose blunderings, in the name of reform, prolonged the depression. That our industrial leadership today is hobbled and spiritless is the direct consequence of those years when the middle-class intellectuals were having a Roman holiday. What the Progressive Movement had sought to do — to undermine the repute and the authority of the nonconformists, the eccentrics — the New Deal triumphantly accomplished. Each had to have its horrors and its sacrifices. To the first, it was the creators of railroad systems and the builders of giant integrations in steel, oil, agricultural implements, meat-packing—the Goulds, Carnegies, Rockefellers, McCormicks, Swifts; to the second, it was the vastly expanding (and socially beneficial) electrical central station system and its inevitable combination (for good and proper financial and management reasons) into public utility holding companies. Ishmael, in the latter instance, was Samuel Insull. (In fact, it was FDR—when his campaign in 1932 was beginning to falter and he needed a symbol to epitomize and stigmatize the "Old Order"—who coupled the names of Ishmael and Insull together.)

*Insull*, by Forrest McDonald. Chicago, $4.95

IT IS Samuel Insull—in our contemporary legend a by-word for skullduggery, chicanery, and fraud—that Professor Forrest McDonald is seeking to rehabilitate. His biography, the result of gargantuan labors—scores of people have been sought out and their minds and memories picked and ransacked; hundred-weights of public, company, and private records and documents have been turned over and their essential meanings distilled —is a model of its kind. It reveals the whole man with his loyalties and vanities and his great strength; at the same time, it is in epitome the history of one of America's great industries which, in its day, gave us the same kind of world leadership Carnegie's steel and Rockefeller's oil did in theirs.

McDonald has schooled himself in technology, corporate finance, and investment banking: he moves through these intricacies surely and capably. Insull was an uncommon man; he committed errors of judgment but no sins; he worked closely and realistically with politicians but he did not seek to pervert them; but he had the rashness, from the start, to challenge the financial supremacy of New



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York's great investment houses, notably those that clustered around J. P. Morgan and Company, and for this he was crashed tumbling down.

Had Insull been left alone—or had Washington had the wit to see that his battle was the country's—he might have contributed mightily, with his great schemes for the enlargement of the electrical-power industry, toward checking the course of the depression. But a dirty word was necessary to characterize that spirit of fearlessness and enterprise the middle-class intellectuals so much distrusted. Insull became it. I doubt if McDonald will be believed; for what it is worth, however, I hereby vouch for his great competence and his complete integrity and the credibility of his story. It remains to be seen if the electrical-power industry which, terrorized by the New Deal, cast Insull into outer darkness, will restore him to the front rank of its hagiology, a rank he had always occupied along with Edison, Westinghouse, and Sprague.

CARNEGIE AND ROCKEFELLER made possible industrial America (despite the sneers, only industrialization can put an end to the nightmares of poverty and insecurity) by ploughing back earnings into capital plant and equipment, seeking out and adopting innovation, cutting costs, lowering prices and vastly expanding markets—and by engaging in self-financing either through friendly local bankers or by selling bonds themselves. Real wages went up as prices dropped and productivity—due to integration, the utilization of invention, superior organization—increased.

In every sense, Samuel Insull, appearing on the American scene thirty years after Carnegie and Rockefeller had started, was the same sort of industrial innovator. He had come out of London in 1881, at the age of 21, to New York to be Thomas A. Edison's secretary; in just about ten years he had learned all that Edison knew and more besides, the most important being that as far as electricity was concerned Edison's creative days were over.

In 1892 Insull moved to Chicago to become the head of Chicago Edison and to realize what Edison himself did not understand: that the future of electricity was not in the limited use of current at high prices through small power plants, but in the constantly growing central station, with prices dropping sharply to attract more consumers. This was an industry where the economies of scale were possible only under monopoly (always, Insull recognized from the beginning, with public surveillance and regulation); its development was dependent upon the goodwill of householders, employees, and organized labor; it could advance if it was constantly receptive to innovations in technique, organization, accounting practices, and financing.

In all these areas, Insull moved out: he sold his bonds personally in London in 1895 when America was in deep depression; because of the heavy demands for capital characteristic of utility operating companies, he devised the open-end mortgage, setting up at the same time an annual depreciation and repletion reserve which would both redeem debt when due and pay for new equipment installations; he was the first to use the steam-electric turbine; he built a gas pipeline from Texas to Chicago.

Insull kept on reducing rates, winning public support by the door-to-door sale of stock to domestic consumers and by dealing with trade unions, and he pushed his operating companies as early as 1912 into the rural communities and small towns, as well as the cities, of the Middle West. His companies grew—municipal traction as well as central stations—and in 1912, in order to facilitate the independent financing of the operating companies and to keep the New York investment bankers off his boards of directors, he established his first holding company, the Middle West Utilities Company. By the end of the 1920's the Insull empire, entirely made up of utility and transportation companies, was worth three billions, served more than four million customers in 5,000 communities in 32 states, produced one-eighth of the gas and electricity consumed in the country, and had 600,000 stockholders and 500,000 bondholders. His companies were sound as a nut and they all survived the depression of the 1930's. And always—like Carnegie and Rockefeller before him—Insull expanded rather than contracted his operations and investments during recession and slumps.

IT WAS THE House of Morgan, in 1927, and not Insull—and this was because the eastern bankers wanted to dominate the marketing of utility securities—that set about to bring the entire electric and gas utility business under the control of a single giant holding company. The United Corporation was to be the Morgan agent; through interlocking directorates and allied banks there were associated with it Electric Bond and Share and United Light and Power. In large part to maintain his independence, Insull followed suit—but more than a year later. His Insull Utility Investments, created in December 1928, and his Corporation Securities Company, in September 1929, played a relatively minor part in the runaway bull market of 1928-29; the security affiliates of the New York banks were by far the greater culprits.

When the depression struck, Insull, having weathered other similar storms, proceeded to extend his activities; in 1930 alone, the Insull companies spent 197 millions in capital improvements; but—fatal error—they had to depend upon debt instead of equity financing and his two later holding companies increased their bonded indebtedness by 90 millions. It was at this weak link that the New York bankers hit in April 1932: for Insull could not obtain 10 millions to meet some of his interest coupons—New York had been waiting for such an opportunity—and the three Insull holding companies were thrown into bankruptcy. At the same time, Insull was forced to resign the leadership of his major operating companies. He could have been saved; he might have contributed mightily, with his bold ideas of continued growth, toward staying the long course of the depression; but the utility bond business was a huge prize and Insull too long had flouted the great New York powers.



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Insull was the scapegoat; to the New Dealers his name became the symbol of a corrupt order and to the American public the bar sinister of the capitalist system. He was brought to trial before a federal jury in 1934 and quickly acquitted; this was no vindication, however. Insull, as an imaginative and courageous industrial innovator was finished; in fact, the seed and stock of his breed were also blighted and America continued in the slough of depression—thanks to the vindictive fiscal policies of the New Deal, which heavily penalized profit-making and so halted private investment dead—until the outbreak of World War II started the wheels of industry once more turning.

But Insull lived long enough to see his foes themselves routed. The Banking Act of 1933 separated commercial banks from their investment banking affiliates; the Banking Act of 1935 required competitive bidding in the marketing of utility bonds; and the Public Utility Holding Company Act of the same year imposed the death sentence upon holding companies in the industry. The plunder the New York bankers had fought for, and had sacrificed Insull to seize, was now snatched out of their hands. If Insull was through, so was Wall Street; the Big State had moved in.

AN ERA WAS ended and with it passed, as the industrial non-conformist and eccentric went into the lumber-room and rogues' gallery of history, the age of America's economic vitality.

We are being assured today that bold, uncommon men are no longer needed, indeed they are too risky, they follow too much intuitive hunches and a private vision. Decision-making, says Mr. Daniel Bell, one of our current newer prophets, is to be made by "technocratic elite" consisting of "scientists, mathematicians, economists, sociologists" who have mastered the tools of "input-output matrices, systems analysis, linear programming." Thus we have washed our hands, and good riddance, of the Carnegies, Rockefellers, and Insulls in industry and the Lincolns and Churchills in politics: computer machines, run by the same elite that has always bitterly opposed the innovators and that welcomed the Big State, will direct our destinies as we drift into the long twilight of our decline.

## *Fiction*

# The Dust Witch, the Red October Moon

GUY DAVENPORT

*Nature's polluted,*
*There's man in every secret corner of her,*
*Doing damned wicked deeds. Thou art old, world,*
*A hoary atheistic murderous star.*

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes, *Death's Jest-Book*

A SPY TALE of the *Résistance*, a Gothic romance in which the reclusive habitants of a railroad baron's Carbon County Victorian mansion dined one awful day on blackberries sugared with arsenic, and an allegorical fantasy which brings a gorgeously evil circus of "autumnal people" into the comfortable innocence of a prairie town—the novel, for all its clinical commitment to the jangled circuits of the problematical and quotidian, still deals in its old enchantments.

Richard G. Stern, whose first novel, *Golk*, seemed a collaboration of Al Capp, Mack Sennett and Newton Minow in an assault upon the Barnum of television and whose picaresque second novel, *Europe: or Up and Down with Schreiber and Baggish*, reminded Flannery O'Connor of Gogol, turns to the spy thriller for his third. *In Any Case* is the story of a father whose son was a hero in British Intelligence during the German occupation of France. The son, we learn early in the narrative, was possibly and inexplicably a traitor; his mysterious death and the death of his fellow spies seems to have been the upshot of his gratuitous treachery. The father cannot believe this; but in conducting a complex search for the truth among German, French and English survivors of the Underground and the *Sicherheitsdienst* he discovers that treason is a subtler and darker act than he thought, and that his son's moral sense derived from his own.

The novel of ratiocination is always an optical illusion in which the perspective pinches to its vanishing point either on the far horizon or where one is standing. It is also a twice-told tale, or, as here, many times told. Traditionally Mr. Stern's novel ought to resolve into a final true version constructed by logic or urged out of guilt through confession. It does not, for the questor finds not his son's innocence (not, in any case, as he had conceived it), but the shifty ambiguity in which innocence becomes an academic consideration. We are invited to contemplate, among other confusions, a French mistress of a German officer who manages to send her French lover's nephew to Auschwitz while trying, patriotically enough, to save the family business from destruction; or a German spy disguised as a British agent passing on fake information trumped up by British Intelligence to flummox German Intelligence. Into this world of twilight certainties Mr. Stern, like Conrad and James before him, drops a simple tale of father and son so that the half-truths (the guarded lies of postwar confessions) and the transmuted hearsay inherent in the subject can destroy the very premise on which the novel is begun and allow the plot to arrange itself into an infinitely suggestive, if unstable,

*In Any Case*, by Richard G. Stern. McGraw-Hill, $5.50

*We Have Always Lived in the Castle*, by Shirley Jackson. Viking, $3.95

*Something Wicked This Way Comes*, by Ray Bradbury. Simon and Schuster, $4.95



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set of postulates. It is a novel in which what we are sure is bound to happen never does.

SHIRLEY JACKSON's mastery of tone has long ago placed in a choice category her carefully made studies of the permanent darknesses of the mind. This new tale has a plot folded as cleverly as a road map, a rapid pace in the telling, and the genre's full complement of black cats, atavistic hexing, deadly nightshade salads, and a mildew of paranoia decorating the family mind. Just beneath the Edward Gorey setting and the assumption, as in Poe, that madness is the price of superior sensitivity, lies the animating paradox of the novel: that intelligence, love and imagination of great poetic richness exist with heightened brilliance in phosphorescent moral rot. Indeed, as Shirley Jackson has shown before (and Faulkner, and any small town's pride in its eccentrics, idiots, and recluses), society needs the fascination of an outrageously deviate family, a resident Greek tragedy whose misery it can contemplate. The family of her novel has been reduced by arsenic to three: an elfish, ingrown girl, an older sister of austere spookiness, and an uncle senile and feebleminded. These three enjoy the fear and contempt of the village and amuse themselves with that sense of business particular to people with nothing whatever to do. But one day a cousin arrives who is normal and dull. His attitudes are, of course, those of the reader, and the novel's triumph is that we are made to understand and appreciate the rejection of the world by the strange seclusion of Shirley Jackson's closed shutter family.

Like Mr. Stern, Shirley Jackson is interested in driving to some last stand, a Crusoe's island (or, as a character in the novel says "to the moon"), and in showing that at its minimum possibilities, without motivation or moral justification, the human heart thrives, the undiscourageable weed of evolution after all, the hardier for being pestiferous, the richer in content for being unwelcome and despised. Literature is always willing to be an experimental outpost on society's Antarcticas, imagining ultimate deprivations. Only the refrigerated worst expectations of the cold war and icy emptiness of space could have suggested these fables of camping on the brink.

RAY BRADBURY's fantasy considers evil as strenuously from the outside looking in as Mr. Stern and Shirley Jackson from the inside looking deeper. Mr. Bradbury embodies innocence in two boys, one "with hair as blond-white as milk thistle" whose eyes are "as open, bright and clear as a drop of summer rain," the other topped with hair "wild, thick, and the glossy color of waxed chestnuts," his eyes "mint rock-crystal green." Skilled in all the lithe sports and the preternatural sympathies of friendship, they race jubilantly into a Vanity Fair and congress of witchery which the heaviest armored of angels would flinch to face. Here the temptations of Faust and St. Anthony figure in carnival splendor, and Mr. Dark, Nightshade, the Illustrated Man, the Dust Witch and other fine demons try to claim the innocence that infuriates their damned greed.

Mr. Bradbury takes the terms "good natured" and "evil natured" in an exact sense, and pits ebullience and laughter against sourness, so that malevolence, in his account, withers before humor alone. The Dust Witch with her Gila monster neck and Death Valley face is powerless before a good-natured smile. The Illustrated Man, who collects souls for hell with the full tilt of an entomologist netting butterflies, collapses whenever the hypnotic attraction of his strangeness meets with a mind that sees him as merely ridiculous. We are, for three quarters of the novel, made to feel the diabolical beauty of Mr. Bradbury's symbols of evil and negation; primrose paths, especially with calliopes and painted circus wagons upon them, are perennially irresistible. It is difficult to think of a writer now living (C. S. Lewis, perhaps) who can convince us with such simplicity of the resources of love (all opposites to which are evil) in keeping its integrity. We are here in the tradition of the morality play and Bunyan, and are allowed to sniff the cyanide gases whose odor is apple blossom and flowering hawthorn, but our shirt tails are gripped by a connoisseur of fresh air.

THE GOTHIC novel and its cousins, the detective story and science fiction, have thrived in American literature all along; indeed, in all American art. The "Hawthorne" movement of Charles Ives' *Concord Sonata* is a parry and thrust between Hallowe'en broomstick-riding music and Calvinist hymns; and we need but name


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Albert Pinkham Ryder, Poe, Howard Phillips Lovecraft, Melville and John Dickson Carr to see the range and versatility of our subject. Saints and demons are supposed to have weathered the Enlightenment rather poorly but these novels and much else indicate the contrary, and reason itself knows perfectly well that unless it keeps half a fascinated eye on the irrational it will go mad. Did not the annoyingly rational Russians, free of superstition and the childishness of religions, say that they built a science-fiction machine and sent it to photograph the wrinkled dust mountains of the other side of the moon?

# A Small Secession?

RUSSELL KIRK

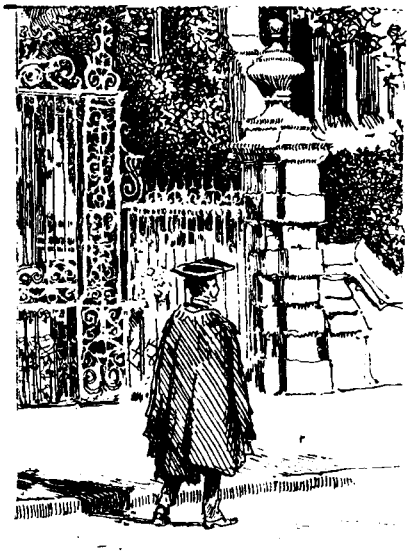
THE MEDIEVAL WORLD is evoked more and more among us. Now Mr. Paul Goodman, a very "progressive" writer, commends the idea of the college which was a reality in the ages of faith, arguing that it was a true community of learned men and earnest students. And he sees the modern American college as sham and failure, with few honorable exceptions.

*The Community of Scholars*, by Paul Goodman. Random House, $3.95

In the past two years, Mr. Goodman writes, he has visited thirty to forty colleges. Having visited several times that many, I agree with Mr. Goodman on most points. He has his crochets, as usual—the most conspicuous of them in this book being his preoccupation with what he calls "sexual servitude," all the way from the primary grades to graduate school. But the core of his book is sound and lively.

There are 1,900 colleges (using this as a generic term which includes universities), Mr. Goodman writes. "Yet one could not name ten that strongly stand for anything peculiar to themselves, peculiarly wise, radical, experimental, or even peculiarly dangerous, stupid, or licentious. It is astounding that there should be so many self-governing communities, yet so much conformity to the national norm." Weighted down often by Philistine and aggrandizing administrators, engaged in training rather than education, inordinately expensive for the results they produce, boring to many of the better potential students, our colleges now have arrived at that nadir predicted by Irving Babbitt in his *Literature and the American College*—a book which Mr. Goodman does not cite.

The medieval university, which accomplished something, was small, Mr. Goodman emphasizes, having from a few hundred students to a thousand—or, in some instances, less than a hundred. One of its principal benefits was the close relationship between the man of learning, the professor, and the student. At St. Andrews, incidentally, all the "professors" were chantry priests (their leisure endowed by private benefaction), and all the students were acolytes. But contemptuous of the humane scale, we modern Americans



rejoice in the mass-campus, which produces the mass-mind.

"Most of our colleges being what they are," Mr. Goodman says, "I fear that many of the best youth would get a better, though very imperfect, education if they followed their impulse and quit; and certainly many teachers ought to be more manly even if they risk getting fired."

Teaching machines, Dr. James Bryant Conant, and even John Dewey receive some imaginative criticism in these pages. Demolishing Mr. Conant's notion of the higher learning as directed to "national goals" of a utilitarian character, Mr. Goodman seeks instead to restore the community of scholars: to offer something for the mind, with genuine freedom for scholar and student. Nowadays, as he remarks, American colleges do neither one thing nor the other:

> Rather, they are great, and greatly expanding, images of Education, no different from the other role-playing organizations of the modern world. Fortified in their departments and tenure . . . the senior scholars are not much disturbed by either the students or by one another or by the administration. And society is satisfied by the symbolic proof that a lot of education is going on, fat syllabi, hundreds of thousands of diplomas, bales of published research. . . . The administrators engage in a tooth-and-nail competition to aggrandize their institutions and produce these very conditions. . . . We do not hear that they have gotten together to decide on a judicious policy for distributing the different kinds of goods of education. . . . Instead they behave like department stores opening new departments and sometimes branches, and increasing efficiency by standardizing the merchandise and the sales force.

The remedy which Mr. Goodman proposes is a small secession from our universities and colleges. He would have vigorous professors—a handful of them, here and there—take some of their students and form unorthodox little communities of scholars, with a few rooms in which to hold classes (ten to fifteen students in each class)—and little else. They would use public libraries, and could support themselves by charging tuition well below that of present good (and endowed) liberal-arts colleges. "I am proposing simply to take teaching-and-learning in its own terms, for the students and teachers to associate in the traditional way and according to their existing interest, *but entirely dispensing with the external control, administration, bureaucratic machinery, and other excrescences that have swamped our community of scholars.*"

One of Mr. Goodman's models is Black Mountain College, where once he taught. But Black Mountain did



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not survive, and perhaps Mr. Goodman is somewhat naive in holding that one can escape altogether from administration. Despite that, I hope some venturous souls will embrace Mr. Goodman's proposals and have a go. Certainly almost none of the big institutions with money have made serious attempts at restoring academic community and respect for intellect: the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago has no imitators, more's the pity. Nowadays, as Mr. Goodman suggests, for many inquisitive members of the rising generation, the only way to learn something—especially if one can't pay high tuition—is to become a beatnik and curl up with a paperback.

**Speaking Up • • •**

L. Brent Bozell, senior editor of National Review, author, lecturer, attorney, is one of those unusual public figures who speaks as well as he writes. Co-author with Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., of *McCarthy and His Enemies*, Mr. Bozell has been abroad for two years in concentrated study and working on his new book, *The Warren Court: A Dissenting Opinion*.

His lecture topics include *To Magnify The West: The West's Real Role in the Cold War*, *A Conservative Looks For His Party*, *Liberation or Surrender*, and *The Warren Court*. He is willing to debate on any topic in the sphere of his competence.

Mr. Bozell plans to be home early in the winter. He will be in the Northeast in January, the Midwest, West and Northwest in February, the South and Southwest in March, and the Midwest again in April. If your university or club would like to hear Mr. Bozell, won't you write?

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, Thomas Molnar, William Rickenbacker, William A. Rusher and Ernest van den Haag.

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## *Men and Manners*

# Going to the Dogs

FRANCIS RUSSELL

*Berlin*

THE Leningrad ballet company's *Dornröschen—Sleeping Beauty* in its familiarly awkward English title—was an enchantment that had not faded in its seventy years. As I walked back to Checkpoint Charlie along the desolately empty Friedrichstrasse in the mist-shrouded autumn evening, the magic remained. What endured had no connection with Lenin; it was the old Petersburg ballet still, persisting through wars and revolutions. Time had preserved its continuity while czars perished and red Caesars were hauled from their graves in disgrace.

The wall that loomed up ahead of me was an illusion, and only the remembered music and the glitter of the evening star over West Berlin were real. Even the Vopos clustered under the arc light at the barricade seemed to have lost their threat. I was still humming to myself as the green-uniformed customs official at the East Sector desk handed me back my passport, and he smiled. How lucky, I thought, that on this particular night the Leningrad ballet had kept to the old tradition. Another night, and instead of *Dornröschen* I might have had to sit through *On the Storm Path*, a propaganda ballet about race-strife in South Africa.

The magic endured beyond the barriers, as if I myself were in the enchanted wood. It seemed a pity to have to break it the following morning by going to Gualtiero Jacopetti's by now notorious film, *Mondo Cane*. This *Dog's World* is a color documentary, the work of many cameras, that Jacopeti has assembled and edited as a chamber of modern horrors—in his symbolism an overcrowded and dung-littered dog-kennel of a world into which we are kicked by the jackboot of the intendant.

It is a macabre pageant compounded from the familiar elements of blood and lust. Jacopeti has made the passing gesture of stacking up primitive bestiality against that of the machine age, but this is merely a factitious framework for displaying his exhibits. Most of them are grim enough to stand in sadistic self-containment. *Mondo Cane* is probably the most repulsive legitimate film that has ever been produced.

The order of the episodes scarcely matters. There are Bikini girls with tantalizing breasts circling an American aircraft carrier in their speedboat while the ranks of sailors dash from one side to the other to wolf them. Massed columns of drum majorettes march in hip-time down a street that turns out to be in New Zealand and not Ohio (I have noted the same phenomena even in small towns in Denmark). Probably nowhere in the world, however, except in the United States does one find the elaborate animal travesty of funerals and cemeteries that Evelyn Waugh recorded with sour wit and that Jacopeti records here in each macabre detail—the bereaved couple sobbing at the wake of a Boston terrier, the middle-aged female planting the stars and stripes atop the flowers



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on Fido's grave, the living dogs who pay their respects to their departed relatives by urinating on the tombstones. By contrast animal lovers of a more pragmatic type eat dogs in Taipei, where restaurant patrons can make their selection of fattened canines much as Americans can select live lobsters from a pool.

As for gastronomics, patrons of New York's Colony dine on fried grasshoppers and ants; while in Malaya a young girl stops off at her local market to select a six-foot snake for the evening meal. After she makes her choice, the shopkeeper in one deft gesture slits and skins the snake, then places its writhing carcass in a paper bag.

There is blood to spare, from bullfights to African tribesmen clubbing hundreds of wild pigs to death. The champions of a Gurkha regiment, using their terrible kukris, decapitate steers ceremonially at a single stroke before an English colonel out of Kipling and mincing English subalterns just out of Sandhurst. South Sea Islanders, in revenge for limbs lost gathering shark fins, capture sharks and stuff their mouths with poisonous sea urchins, then turn them loose to a slow writhing death. Perhaps the film's grimmest scenes are in the Death House at Singapore where the Chinese bring their relatives to die. Jacopeti's cameras have no trouble in hurdling the No Photographers signs as they close up on the withered abandoned figures on the beds, gasping and motionless, with only the terror in their eyes to show that they are alive. There are bloody street fights in Germany and bloody flagellants in rural Italy. Blood, the belly and the loins—that is the trinity of *Mondo Cane*.

And yet for all the blood and horror, the ultimate—for me, at least—was in the glimpses of late-middle-aged American women among the madhouse gadgets of a slendering establishment. With their blue-dyed hair, sprung rumps and set, relentless features, they are for my money the most formidable females since the knitting-women of the French Revolution. Theirs is, of course, the horror of built-in emptiness. What quality in America mass-produces these creatures? I asked myself as I finally staggered out into the sunshine of the Kurfürstendamm.

My stomach felt queasy, whether from the film itself, the sea-tossed effects of the shark sequence on my astigmatic eyes or the belated heat of summer appearing suddenly out of season, I could not decide. Nor, with my stomach hanging in the balance, could I decide about the film itself. Should such things be shown? After all, they are part of our sorry world—and I had seen sights as grim: in the blood duels of the Teutonians during my student days at Greifswald; after the Reichswald battle in 1945, with the dead being carted off like cordwood; the Boston funeral of James Michael Curley a few years back. On the other hand, what does it demonstrate in the culture of our times when such bloody or outrageous scenes become the common currency of an almost universal medium?

I walked slowly towards the Zoo subway entrance. There on the corner I bought a pound of Rumanian grapes and continued past Bilka's to the reflecting pool in the inner court. I sat down on the low wall at the pool's edge and ate my grapes. After I had finished them I felt better.

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FOURTH FLOOR, by Earl E.T. Smith (Random House, $5.00). The memoirs of an American Ambassador to Cuba who watched, with the impotence of a Greek chorus, the rise of Fidel Castro to power during the crucial years 1957-1959. Smith details his vain attempts to convince the State Department that the bandits of the Sierra Maestra were untrustworthy, anti-American, and heavily infiltrated by the Communists. He narrates his equally fruitless efforts to solve the Cuban crisis with a government of national unity. In these pages, the men who appear as the chief American gravediggers of Cuban freedom are our old friends, William Arthur Wieland and Herbert L. Matthews. The arrogant presumptions and leftist preconceptions of the mutual benefit association known as the American Foreign Service also played a role in the tragedy. These memoirs cast unexpected light on the ways President Eisenhower's Ambassadors were ignored, short-circuited, deceived, humiliated and insulted by the faceless bureaucrats, whose habitat is the Fourth Floor of Foggy Bottom, and by the CIA.

N. WEYL

THE PRIVATE MAN, by T. A. McInerny (Obolensky, $2.95). At first sight conservatives tend to welcome a book with a title like this. According to Evelyn Waugh's preface, it is supposed to raise problems which vex conservatives all over the world. Yet, although the book is short, it very soon managed to vex this reader. The author pontificates about matters he treats very superficially—there are 31 chapters in less than one hundred pages—and he presents a catechism tacitly imposing on the reader a self-search as to whether he qualifies for the title. That Mr. McInerny feels he must tell the world what he thinks of every subject, from social security to good taste, is his privilege. But even a private man's book is public property insofar as it owes us explanations, not pontifications. The author sets up an ideal man (according to his personal tastes) whom he then identifies as a social, political, cultural *type*. All those he dislikes constitute by definition another type, another category, in this case, presumably, the "Public Man" (whose publication he announces for January).

T. MOLNAR

BY SEA AND BY RIVER, *A Naval History of the Civil War*, by Bern Anderson (Knopf, $5.95). This is not just another Civil War romance. Admiral Anderson, who has worked with Samuel Eliot Morison on the official naval history of World War II, has attempted a concise outline history of the naval events of the Civil War and an estimate of their importance. Since the war, stripped of all its Glory, Hallelujah and Lost Cause trappings, was the first really modern war, his largely successful effort is both interesting and informative. The conclusions seem sane and unpretentious, and point to a fact that, perhaps, Washington is now rediscovering: naval power is a very subtle and effective political weapon.

J. P. MCFADDEN



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# To the Editor

### *Je Me Souviens*

James Burnham's superb critique [Dec. 18] of the Habsburg buttressing on the de Gaulle edifice ranks with the most useful columns of this facund man. Algeria is lost to the internationally unctuous *harkis* torturers, but the fight against Communism goes on.

*Montreal, P. Q.* T. R. TALMON

### *Evelyn! Evelyn!*

Why make such a fuss over reprints of Mr. Waugh's article [Dec. 4]? Sufficient mischief has been done by printing it.

*Phoenixville, Pa.* REV. WILLIAM C. JONES

*Mr. Waugh's article has drawn more requests for reprints than any article in the last six months.* —ED.

The publication of Evelyn Waugh's hopes for the Ecumenical Council leaves one wishing he kept to fiction. It can only cause misunderstanding of the Church and the true conservative position, to the glee of the enemies of both. It is unworthy of the standard of excellence your magazine exhibits.

Mr. Waugh is surely aware that the task of shepherds in the flock of Christ is to proclaim Christ's Word, not to make peace with human sluggishness. It may be true that most, or all, of us fall short of Christ's call, but to expect the representatives of Christ to substitute facts for standards is to ask them to renounce Christ for Kinsey and Gallup.

REV. JOHN F. HENNING

*St. Clair Shores, Mich.*

If one might suggest to the editors a possible logical sequel to this essay by Mr. Waugh, a provocative essay on the non-Catholic laywoman's hopes for the Second Vatican Council by Miss Pearl Buck would surely meet the criterion set for this article—a famous name.

*New York, N.Y.* ROBERT J. EMMETT

I, too, am one of the vast majority of Catholics who hope silently that the Council won't do any changing of the Mass. There is a small, very vocal group who demand change, but, looking into their backgrounds, I have found that many are recent converts who want to make the Church over to resemble the one they left, while others are lackadaisical Catholics bent on getting the New Frontier into the Church—or vice-versa.

*Stockton, Calif.* MRS. CHARLES R. HUNT

Enjoyed Mr. Waugh's article. It has been more than two years since I was among those insular, smug, super-secure, cozy English Catholics who made me a better American and a more Catholic Catholic. They were such a frightening mirror. Mr. Waugh's ramblings brought me back to them in spirit and for a few minutes it was *so* nice to be *so* right.

*Baltimore, Md.* ALBION CALLAN

### *In Defense of In Defense*

I have just read "Anatomy of Freedom" by Richard M. Weaver [Dec. 4]. In this review of Frank S. Meyer's *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo*, Professor Weaver rightly admires the force and cogency of Mr. Meyer's argument. But the compliments of the first half of Professor Weaver's review are somewhat diminished by the miscomprehensions of the second half.

First, Professor Weaver charges Mr. Meyer with taking a position with regard to the state which is "a long step in the direction of Thoreau's anarchic individualism, which is one of the most anti-conservative positions ever taken." This is simply false, as a careful second reading of Meyer's book will reveal to Professor Weaver. Meyer asserts repeatedly and at length the necessity of the state, as of the family, for the fulfillment of man's nature. To quote him at random: "(I should remind my readers that, however much I have insisted upon the great potentiality of the state, for evil if it goes beyond its natural bounds, nevertheless I have insisted that, limited to its natural functions, it is necessary for the proper life of men as men.)" [p. 140]. What Meyer does argue is that the state has no validity or reality of itself and exists not as an end but only to enable men to fulfill themselves. This can hardly be described


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" . . . . Above all, man is Homo Religiosus, and yet we have, for the past century, made the desperate attempt to get along without God, and in the place of God we have set up the cult of man, his profane or even ungodly science and art, his technical achievements, and his State. We may be certain that some day the whole world will come to see, in a blinding flash, what is now clear to only a few, namely, that this desperate attempt has created a situation in which man can have no spiritual and moral life, and this means that he cannot live at all for any length of time, in spite of television and speedways and holiday trips and comfortable apartments. We seem to have proved the existence of God in yet another way: by the practical consequences of His assumed non-existence."

Wilhelm Roepke,
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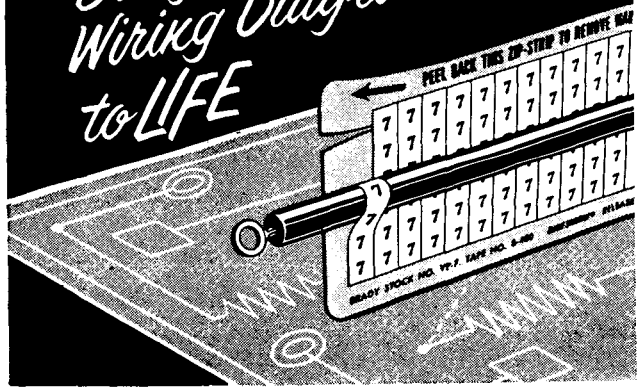


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as "anarchic individualism." It is one thing to seek to limit the powers of the state to its natural functions and another thing altogether to seek its destruction.

Secondly, Professor Weaver charges that Mr. Meyer has made freedom an "end" and that "such freedom as an end in itself is simply vacuous." Meyer never maintains that freedom is an "end" in itself. He repeatedly—at least half a dozen times—asserts that freedom is an *end* only in the political order and that for men it is only a *means* for their fulfillment; and he would certainly agree, as he does throughout the book, that freedom viewed as an *end* is indeed "vacuous." Meyer writes [pp. 68-69], "The dilemma is one which can only be solved by the classical logical device of grasping it by both horns. For the difficulty is that both its major premises are true: on the one hand, freedom *is* essential to the nature of man and neutral to virtue and vice; on the other hand, good ends *are* good ends, and it *is* the duty of man to pursue them. I deny only that in the real situation with which we are dealing these two true premises are contradictories."

*Ann Arbor, Mich.* STEPHEN J. TONSOR

### *It's Bantu Much for Him*

Obviously the English language is simply not equal to the task of properly conveying the thought of Mr. Buckley [Dec. 4]: "Those Cubans, over negotiations with whom concerning negotiated inspections of offending weapons we are presently negotiating." It was the great mission of Hegel to teach philosophy to speak German. It should be the great mission of the other editors of NR to persuade WFB Jr. to either a) restrict himself to concepts that can be enunciated within the English syntactic and grammatic structure, or b) start publishing in a language that can handle his convoluted subordinates—like Xosa.

*Toronto, Ont.* T. T. RIEDER

*The editorial paragraph (not written by WFB Jr.) was an attempt to illustrate onomatopoetically the confusion in Washington, and depended for its success on the reader's imagination. Torontonians may not respond automatically to a satire on Washington bureaucratese. Under the circumstances, they are lucky that all they have to miss is the joke.* —ED.



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## HOWARD K. SMITH

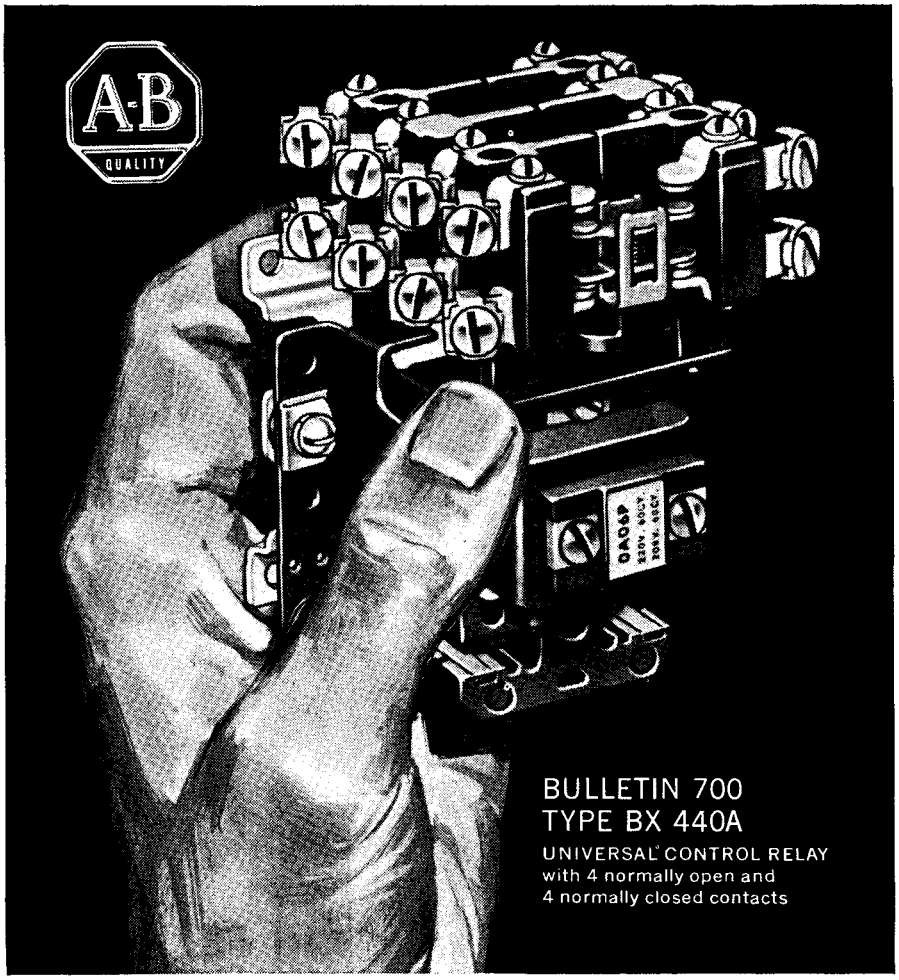
(Continued from p. 512)

extra votes [in the UN] to Russia was . . . an act of wisdom," or his implying that Russian imperialism results from fear of the U.S., rather than from Communist doctrine?

There seems no reason to believe Smith ever was any more pro-Communist than thousands of other starry-eyed American Liberals who applauded the Soviet experiment. Nor is there any reason to believe that Smith today is anything more than a disenchanted socialist—one in the unfortunate position of seeing the economic doctrine he advocates being championed by governments which deny democratic institutions favored by most socialists in the West. The result is a sort of ideological schizophrenia which has rendered impotent the judgment of Smith and other collectivists when forced to comment on Communism.

Whether or not Smith believes Hiss was a victim of the hysterical thought-controllers who, according to Liberal mythology, ran roughshod over civil liberties during the McCarthy era, is something only he can answer. (And while we're at it, why didn't any newspaperman put the question to Smith—"Mr. Smith, do you believe Alger Hiss was guilty as charged?") It is no secret that a good many ritualistic Liberals refuse to this day to believe that Hiss was really a Communist spy, and they—as well as many who see in Hiss the symbol of what they themselves might have become under slightly different circumstances—would welcome any opportunity to rehabilitate their ex-idol.

Behind the entire Hiss controversy, however, apart from the Liberal hubris once again exposed, remains the essential question of how far a network or newscaster should be permitted to ventilate personal opinion. Richard Salant, president of CBS News (which has perhaps been guiltier than any other network of editorializing under the guise of objectivity), accurately pointed out that the danger of such editorializing "is that you thereby set up an elite who tell people what to think." And a conspicuous member of that elite is Howard K. Smith, who, contrary to what *Newsweek* says, has a very special ax to grind and has been doing so for a long, long time.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